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JANUARY 17, 1973

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Next week

TWO TEAMS WITH DESIRE. Dallas and Miami, meet (appropriately) in New Orleans in Super Bowl VII. Tex Maule, a man who knows an inimitable when he sees one, will report.

'TIS THE SEASON to be picking 10 bets, so we have a list of the top 10 U.S. skiers who ski for fun, not money—an action portfolio, with the reasons for their style and excellence.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

THE WAY OF ALL SPORTS

Horse racing, television and off-track betting are going around in circles in New York State, and right now it is not at all clear how things will end up. In an effort to stimulate cash flow at its betting offices, the state-legalized off-track betting office tried to televise harness races nightly from upstate Monticello Raceway into metropolitan New York. Screams from the state's seven other harness tracks forced this issue into the courts, where it remains. Right now all OTB has to show for its efforts is a once-a-week telecast of flat races from Maryland.

Even so, it is inevitable that some sort of marriage between TV and racing will be worked out, if only because the revenue potential is so great. When it happens, when televised races and concomitant off-track betting become a way of life, there will be a massive change in the sport. Will it be good or bad? Television helped golf and created second professional leagues in basketball and football, yet it all but destroyed boxing and minor league baseball. The jury is still out on its effect on major league baseball. No one knows for sure what will happen in racing. Track operators say TV will drain away regular patrons and deposit them in betting parlors. Others say nonsense, that properly regulated TV with the revenue from betting and advertising equitably distributed will strengthen racing's financial status and help create a new young hody of fans.

Only one thing is certain. Televised racing is coming, and so is change. Racing had better be ready.

RUGGIES

Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali are going through the traditional prefight phase of trading insults in an effort to generate interest in their return match, whenever it is eventually scheduled. Most of their remarks are predictable, yet some comments Frazier made in Philadelphia just before leaving for New Orleans and

his fight this Saturday with Terry Daniels had a rare pithiness. "I don't think he wants to fight me again," Frazier said. "I think the guy enjoys what he's doing right now, picking up easy money with guys like that German, Blin. He doesn't want a tough fight, like with myself." As for Ali's professed compassion in carrying Buster Mathis 12 rounds and Blin for seven, Frazier said, "I have to think he can't fight any better anymore. After the last one with me, the guy can't really get himself together."

ASSISTED ASSISTS

Professional hockey has apparently sanctioned or at least overlooked the practice of hyping up individual scoring. Goals are still goals, which seems logical enough, but assists, which count as much as goals in a player's individual total, have lost a lot of their old validity.

The concept of crediting a man with an assist is admirable: the playmaker, the adept stickhandler who sets up another man's goal, should get credit, too. And because often two men set up the score that a third man makes, hockey allows credit for two assists on each goal. But what used to be a maximum—two assists—has in many places become a minimum, with scorers automatically crediting two assists without worrying too much about the correctness of their decisions. For example, over a dozen assists have been given to goalies this season, an unjustifiable number. Goals are clear pucks; it is a rare moment when they truly set up a score.

Boston, home of the high-scoring Phil Esposito, was often mocked for the generous number of assists Esposito used to pick up, and criticism of Woody Dumart, the old Bruin who served as scorer, became so severe that Dumart was finally replaced. Still, except for Montreal and Toronto, where scorers tend to be purists and where assists really have to be earned, the practice continues. Last week in New York a glaring

example of the casual assist occurred when Jean Ratelle, the Ranger center, was credited with one he apparently had not made. By an ironic coincidence, the cheese assist put Ratelle into a tie with Esposito for the league scoring lead. (Later in the week, he had one goal and four assists against the Kings to lead Esposito 71-70.) A subsequent study of the game tape showed that the puck had been accidentally deflected by Ratelle, which means the scorer was technically correct. But the argument remains; it was not truly an assist. It is time for the NHL to crack down and insist that players earn their points.

INSIDE STORY

Prisoners at New York State's Clinton Correctional Facility at Dannemora were the victims of backlash after the disaster at Attica. Their tackle-football program, a major part of their autumn recreational activities, was ended almost before the season had begun because of orders to confiscate their protective equipment. Superintendent J. Edwin La-



Vallee said, "If you remember, the rioters at Attica wore helmets and pads." The inmates, who field two three-team leagues, protested that they were being punished for what happened at Attica. They were told that "security always takes precedence over any program," but the superintendent added that football would be back and the equipment available again next season.

continued

Meanwhile, the sports-minded inmates are turning to winter sports, which are big at Dannemora. For instance, there is a functioning bobsled run at Clinton Prison. The one-fifth-of-a-mile-long chute (Lake Placid's famous Mt. Van Hoevenberg run, used in the 1932 Olympics, is a mile long) is maintained by the prisoners, who use their free time to fill and carry 2,000 bags of snow to the site. The prison also has a 10-meter ski jump, which requires about 1,000 bags of snow. The ski jump is big enough to let the inmates soar 60 or 70 feet but not—according to the guards' well-worn old joke—big enough to let them fly over the wall.

LITTLE LOST SHEEP

When Pete Rozelle said on national TV that there had not been a genuine franchise switch in the NFL since the old Dallas Texans became the Baltimore Colts in 1953, a handful of resentful pro football fans in Chicago raised their heads angrily. Where, they wondered, had their Cardinals been playing since 1960?

ALL TOGETHER: ONE-TWO-THREE

People who have been wondering what happened to Big Ten football over the past several years may have noticed that the final AP poll ranked Nebraska, Oklahoma and Colorado one-two-three. All are Big Eight schools. The AP poll began in 1936 and the UPI poll in 1950, but only once before have even two teams from the same conference ranked one-two. That was in 1960 when the UPI put Minnesota and Iowa, both from the Big Ten, first and second.

The remarkable concentration of talent in the Big Eight had its genesis nearly a quarter of a century ago when, under Bud Wilkinson, Oklahoma became a national power in football. It absolutely dominated the Big Eight (Oklahoma and the Seven Dwarfs, the conference was sometimes called), winning 12 straight championships between 1948 and 1959, after tying for the title in 1947. The other Big Eight teams eventually reacted and brought in sharp, talented young coaches themselves: Don Devine at Missouri, Bob Devaney at Nebraska, Eddie Crowder at Colorado. Devine, Devaney and Chuck Fairbanks, who took over at Oklahoma in 1967, all had been assistant coaches at Michigan State under Biggie Munnor or Duffy Daugherty. Crowder had played for Wilkinson at Okla-

homa and had coached for him and for Earl Blaik. This strain of football excellence crossed with a kind of Tennessee toughness introduced by Vince Gibson at Kansas State and Johnny Majors at Iowa State.

Just as this superior coaching appeared in the Big Eight, the Big Ten began to tighten its scholastic requirements, and borderline prospects drifted away, most often to the Big Eight. Other recruiting advantages stimulated the flow of talent. The Big Ten banned redshirting; the Big Eight did not. The Big Ten let only one team a year go to a bowl game, and the same team could not go two seasons in a row; the Big Eight had no such restrictions. The Big Eight gave more scholarships and let its coaches visit high school prospects while they were still competing. And the conference had a distinct recruiting advantage over the powerful Southeastern and Southwest Conferences, too, in its earlier acceptance of black players, who are relatively few and far between in those conferences while comprising a key element of Big Eight strength.

Big Eight supremacy seems founded on a simple, powerful formula: top coaches and top prospects. The bowls and the polls bear it out.

GOOD SNOW, CHAPS

Remember "Fight fiercely, Harvard"? Followers of the Houston Rockets are topping that apocryphal Ivy League cheer with one of their own. At every home game a group of about 15 youthful fans chants, "Harass them, harass them, make them relinquish the ball."

CONNECTICUT YANKEES

The rumor that the ABA's Pittsburgh Condors are going to move to New Haven, Conn., seems ridiculous on the face of it. Why would a team want to move from the huge metropolitan Pittsburgh area (2.4 million people, according to the 1970 census) to a minor league town like New Haven (137,000 in the city, only 348,000 in the area)?

The answer—in if the rumors prove true—lies in the regional concept that has caught the imagination of pro basketball. A fast 35 miles north of New Haven is Hartford, capital of Connecticut and focus of a metropolitan area with 663,000 people. Thirty miles north of Hartford—and still not much more than an hour from New Haven—is

Springfield, Mass., with another half-million in its environs. Fifteen miles west of New Haven is Bridgeport and another 400,000. A team playing its home games in this compact region would have nearly two million people to draw on before it ever began to count the many towns and smaller cities that pepper the southern New England landscape. The threat could be real, Pittsburgh.

COUNTERREVOLUTIONARY

You might recall a somewhat indignant organization called Sports Fans of America (SFA, Sept. 7, 1970), which was founded by Dominic Pileggi of Baltimore to give long-suffering followers of sport a chance for organized redress instead of being passes all the time. "We started with four people," says Pileggi, "and we hoped for 50,000 members. At \$4 per year dues, that would have given us enough money to make some impact. There's no way managements would not have listened to us."

But Sports Fans of America peaked, if that's the word, too early. In his own habitat, Baltimore, where there was outspoken criticism of Colt management, membership reached only 800. Nationally, instead of climbing to 50,000, it eased off at the 2,000 level. If not moribund, the best that can be said at the moment for SFA is that it is regrouping.

Apathy and indifference have always been the bane of the revolutionary. Pileggi detects the symptoms even in himself. Although he considers TV a constant threat to the fan, he found himself staying home this fall to watch on the tube instead of going out to the stadium. "I have a season ticket," he says, "but I didn't see a Colt game all year."

THEY SAID IT

- George Halas, owner of the Chicago Bears, on Wide Receiver Dick Gordon's accusation that Halas disliked him: "Only individual I ever hated in my 76-plus years was Adolf Hitler."
- Norman Russell, junior center at Oklahoma City University, on the advantage of being 7 feet tall: "You can see Arnold Palmer putt, for one thing."
- Colonel Edmund Edmondson, executive director of the U.S. Chess Federation, on the forthcoming matches between Bobby Fischer and Boris Spassky, in which each player is allowed three delays for illness: "Bobby Fischer's opponents usually get ill."

END

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DERAILING THE LAKER EXPRESS

*Along came Los Angeles, with 33 victories
and a full head of steam. And here came
the Bucks, determined to stop the train
by throwing themselves right in front of it*
by PETER CARRY





Over the past 2½ months it seemed almost as if the sun were setting on the Milwaukee Bucks. As the long shadow of the Los Angeles Lakers' steady winning streak lengthened until it reached 33 games, the Bucks were undeniably left behind—once proud world champions, now by comparison tarnished and brooding giants. But along came Sunday and perhaps the most widely watched basketball game in NBA history, and there they were: glowing once more with the torrid satisfaction they take from their successes.

The Bucks beat the Lakers, both bodily and on the scoreboard, where the final totals read 120-104, to end professional sports' most notable winning streak and reaffirm their own strength in a game that counted for little in the standings but weighed heavy for the future when the two teams are apt to meet in the playoffs.

Milwaukee's victory was cinched with a 12-0 spurt late in the fourth quarter, but the balance had swung to the Bucks much earlier when their defense—played with all the gentle finesse of a train crash—destroyed the Lakers' poise.

"Sometimes you get into games like this," said Los Angeles Coach Bill Sharman. "The tempo becomes rough, and there's a lot of climbing over each other under the backboards and a lot of grabbing on defense. When you see that the refs are going to allow that, you've got to come back with the same style yourself. I'm not blaming the officials or the Bucks, only my players and myself. We talked about playing harder, but we didn't."

The Milwaukee style of infighting around the boards and constant pressure of the most physical sort all over the court disrupted the sparkling Laker running game. The Bucks prevented the clean rebounds and outlet passes Los Angeles needs to function, and the Lakers rarely scored easy baskets. And as if that were not enough, the harassment yielded 24 Laker turnovers—many of them leading to breakaway field goals.

All this Milwaukee roughness represented pure risk: at the end of the game,

five Bucks had four or more fouls (providing Los Angeles with 40 free throws), and one of them, beefy Forward John Block, had fouled out with 4:05 still to go after a sensational streak of 17 points and 10 rebounds. But the rattling inside play also caused problems for Wilt Chamberlain, the Laker least likely to foul. Chamberlain picked up his fourth personal by reaching over the lofty shoulders of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to block a pass with 10:33 remaining to play in the third quarter. Until that moment, he had held Jabbar to 16 points. But thereafter, with Wilt hanging back for fear of getting into further foul trouble and being disqualified for the first time in his 1,000-game NBA career, Jabbar scored 23 points on 11 of 15 shots.

It was part of a plan: Kareem had made a subtle adjustment for this game by frequently setting up to the right of the basket instead of remaining in the spot he prefers on the left. The hope was that, since Kareem is quicker, he could overcome Chamberlain's greater strength by moving in close to the basket. Even though Kareem missed all but two of the hooks he tried from the right post in the first half, the strategy finally began to pay off in the second when he discarded the hook and turned to face Wilt, shooting feathery, short jump shots over him. This tactic maintained a slim margin for the Bucks through most of the second half until the team produced its winning burst.

Early in the week, the game began to take on larger-than-life-size proportions. Milwaukee seemed to be coasting. With a Monday defeat at New York, the Bucks lost the fourth game of their last six, a span of mediocrity unmatched in the previous two seasons except for a brief stretch when Coach Larry Costello was resting his regulars for the playoffs last year.

Meanwhile, the Lakers, those lusty losers of the past, were heading in the other direction, riding atop an extraordinary wave of success that extended through November, then December and, finally, past the New Year into January. Without a loss since Halloween, Los Angeles flew East with a string of consecutive wins behind them and only the Bucks looming ahead as likely challengers to the streak.

This was Abdul-Jabbar's strategy: switch to the right and shoot up and over Chamberlain.

continued



Assigned to guard Goodrich, newcomer Wally Jones also did a bit of wheeling on the side.

The reason for Milwaukee's failure to crush opponent after opponent as it did a year ago probably can be attributed more to ennuï than to a drop-off in talent. Like most good, mature teams, the Bucks have learned that the NBA's pot of gold is found at the end of the playoffs—not in long, midseason winning streaks.

But the Bucks' recent unsteadiness also reflected upheaval in the team roster.

Through retirements, trades and cuts, only five members of the 1971 championship squad remain. Two of the deals came in the past month: in a trade with Houston, Milwaukee gave up Greg Smith for the Rockets' first draft choice and a throw-in named Curtis Perry. Throw-in, indeed. The 6' 7" Perry is already a Milwaukee starter, and Sunday he pulled in eight second-half rebounds against the Lakers.

The other Milwaukee trade brought reluctant signee Wally Jones from Philadelphia for future considerations, whatever they may be. During his seven pro seasons, Jones has appeared in a startling array of shaves and haircuts (he was called Wally Werewolf in recent years with the 76ers), and even now Jones looks as though he spent the summer crossing the steppes with Atilla the Hun, the same man who apparently taught him to play defense. He used these tactics on Sunday to help neutralize the hottest Laker scorer, Gail Goodrich, also scoring seven points on the side.

But no matter what the cause, "I'm sick of hearing about a couple of losses," Coach Costello growled. "We had a tremendous season last year, but if we don't come back and do it exactly the same again this time, everyone comes around and asks what's wrong? What's wrong? Nothing's wrong, that's what. We're still the champions, and we will be until somebody beats us, which they haven't yet when it's counted."

At last, then, the Bucks were sounding like a team ready to fight again. And just in time, because the Lakers were already heading their way. Like a good artilleryman, Los Angeles was pulverizing the area around its target before zeroing in on Milwaukee. A surprisingly difficult victory in Cleveland extended the string to 32, and then a near-perfect, 44-point win in Atlanta ran it to 33. "The most amazing thing about the streak has been our consistency," said Sharman. "Only five or six of the games have even been close, and real luck only figured in one of them."

The Lakers improved as the number of their wins increased. Jim McMillian, Elgin Baylor's replacement at forward and a superb corner shooter, edged into godlike stardom. Los Angeles had not lost since the night he became a starter. Chamberlain's outlet passes grew more precise, lending extra effectiveness to the Laker fast break. Forward Happy Hairston cut back his shooting and began averaging 16.5 rebounds a game. Gail Goodrich's shooting and the scoring and passing of Jerry West continued to give the Lakers the league's strongest offense.

The team thrived on these circumstances, unencumbered by any stress over the streak and imbued with a mild gleefulness over such lengthy good fortune. The players knew that the hard press of odds would soon catch up with them,

but still, their record had grown to such proportions that no other team is likely to surpass it any time soon. There was one qualifier, however: they definitely did not want to lose to the Bucks, their likely opponents in the Western Division playoff.

It is the fast-paced nature of pro basketball that, despite the intense public interest in this one game (and the strong psychological impact it would have on future meetings between the Lakers and the Bucks), neither team was able to make special preparations for it. Costello flew to Atlanta to scout the Lakers Friday. As for Sharman, "There really isn't much you can do," he said as he watched the Bucks play Detroit Saturday and drew diagrams of their plays. "Basically, it's just knowing who to match up on who and when to take guys in and out of the game. That's about all a coach can do for a regular-season game."

Then came game time, and there didn't seem much anybody could do. The Bucks held a six-point halftime lead, largely because their defense forced 15 Los Angeles turnovers and also because of unexpected bench strength. Jones harnessed Goodrich. Lucius Allen and John Block combined to score 17 points. When the game was over, they had 35.

Even after Chamberlain's fourth foul, Los Angeles gained a 71-71 tie with 3:12 remaining in the third period. But Allen's jumper from the right corner behind Karcem's screen 16 seconds later put Milwaukee ahead for good. During the Bucks' subsequent 12-point drive, the Lakers missed three free throws, Goodrich failed to score a wide-open foul-line jumper and West, shooting from 10 feet out on the left baseline, bounced a shot squarely off the side of the basket. "We were all pulling the string out there," said McMillian afterward. "I guess we got caught up in all the excitement."

Sharman, a realist, was not depressed by the end of the streak, primarily because he had never allowed himself to celebrate it while it was in progress. "I guess I'm like every coach," he said. "I worry about the next game, the next week. We've got almost 40 games to play yet and then the playoffs."

For the Lakers, their string stands as an achievement worth savoring—so special had it become that even the most detached of the Bucks could find rare joy in breaking it. "I wasn't excited at all when I first went out there today," said Abdul-Jabbar as he toweled off in the locker room. "But now I feel it. Yeah, now I'm excited."



Indulging in a Buck Power salute: John Block

'YOU KNOW ME, AL.' 'RIGHT, FRANK, AND I HATE TO DO IT.'

Marquette, Milwaukee's other team, won, too—in a royal battle
by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

It was a game made not so much in heaven as in an emerald corner of hell; the coaches mean and hungry, the combatants bred on asphalt playgrounds and nurtured in the stinky, scar-tissue ways of the sport. All of the Irish gags were trotted out. The game should be played behind barbed wire somewhere in the shadows of Ulster. Sean O'Casey would throw up the first ball. Everyone would wear green, and how was the closed-circuit crowd in Belfast taking it, anyway?

But when the jokes and psychology were over, after the deception and the guile, it was time for the McGuire of college basketball to get right down there

into the pit and slug it out in that fashion familiar only to alley fighters.

Along the sidelines it was as Frank, the older and perhaps wiser of the McGuires, had said it would be: "The shanty Irish against the lace-curtain crowd." When Al heard that, he roared. "Lao!" he said. "We lived in the back of a bar where drunks interrupted dinner looking for the men's room."

Whatever the cast, when Marquette met South Carolina high atop the national standings, it was more than just the personalities of the coaches dominating the scene. It was, instead, everything that makes the college game

bristle—region against region, style against style, speed against power and, yes, black against white.

Moreover, it was a savage and bloody conflict that unbeaten Marquette won 72-71. And ultimately it was decided not on the rims or in the pit but outside, where Kevin Joyce, South Carolina's fine junior guard, had the worst 40 minutes of his life. It was, as Joyce knew, his game to win or lose when the Gamecocks got the ball with 11 seconds to go. But he fumbled it in the Marquette end, had to hurry his dribble downcourt and then missed a 25-footer wide to the left as time ran out. The shot, his 12th, would have won the game; it also would have been Joyce's first basket.

With Joyce silenced, but with sophomores Brian Winters and Ed Peterson scoring 11 baskets between them, the Gamecocks had come back from 12 points behind early in the second half. They had even gone ahead, 69-68 with 2:36 left, but Marquette's Jim Chones,

continued

who led all scorers with 17 points, got a quick basket. There were more points, but then Joyce missed his shot and there was nothing left.

Much earlier than this the game had grown extremely physical, until three minutes into the second half the muscling got out of hand. As Marquette's Bob Lackey and the Gamecocks' Tom Riker struggled for the ball, the guns went off. Lackey elbowed Riker in the neck; Riker flashed a left cross on Lackey's side-whiskers. Within moments several brawls had broken out—one featuring Chones against heavyweight Danny Traylor. "Let's stay out of this," Traylor said to Chones. "Can't do it," said Chones. "My man's in trouble." Then Chones opened a nasty cut under Traylor's eye.

Frank McGuire was in the middle of the floor, bodies whizzing past him, but Al McGuire remained on his bench with his reserve players. "A waltz," he was to say later. "A bar-hall bouncer wouldn't take his coat off for this one."

After a good three minutes of heavy punching on both sides, order was restored; immediately a hefty South Carolina state trooper charged the Mar-

quette bench and went after Lackey. The Warriors' Larry McNeill grabbed a chair, but he and everybody else were finally restrained. Lackey and Riker were removed from the contest.

"The dude sucker-punched me," said Lackey. "Then they throw me out. If I'm leavin', I want some action."

"I'll take kicks, knees, elbows, every shot he's got," said Riker, "but not after the whistle blows. This guy's a cheap-shot artist. It was bush league."

Such pugilistic activity is not wholly unexpected when any McGuire steps on a basketball court. In fact, everything about this match between Al and Frank seemed to recall the past—all, that is, except the new uniforms Al broke out that featured wild stripes and a certain iridescent shade from which the color blue may never recover. Historians pointed out that it was not the first time the two men had brought their respective schools together. In the 1966 Milwaukee Classic, South Carolina defeated Marquette 63-61 in a game that contained many elements of the McGuire—pick either McGuire—style, a game that concluded on an offensive goaltending call that disallowed a tying Warrior basket.

Al still thinks Frank stole that one by earning two technical fouls early in the contest. These, he believes, persuaded the officials to look favorably on South Carolina toward the end. Another technical called on the Gamecock bench so frustrated the Marquette McGuire that finally he went to his knees and begged the officials to give him a T, too. "I say he won that game," says Al of Frank. "All I did was stand up," says Frank.

Since that time the coaches have ducked further encounters, assuming humanely that one should not beat up on one's friends. It was last April, after South Carolina had made its quick getaway from the Atlantic Coast Conference into the land of independents, that Frank McGuire felt maybe the two should meet again. He needed a basketball schedule fast and called on Al.

"The student-against-teacher situation tears your gut out," said Al last week. "I'd give anything not to play this game. But, really, I consider it a favor for me to do a favor for Frank. Maybe it's the first time ever I got to pay him back for all he's done. Loyalty—that's what he always taught us."

Al calls his relationship with Frank "distant close," but the careers of the two men have intertwined at so many points and in so many places along the way that in the minds of many basketball followers they must be either father-son, brother-brother or, at worst, distant cousins. They are unrelated.

They came together on the streets of the big city, at St. John's in 1947, Frank off a Greenwich Village block around the corner from Gene Tunney's house, Al from the beaches of Rockaway. It was Frank's first college coaching job and Al was a freshman player. When the youngest McGuire reached the varsity the following year, his brother Dick was already there, and the three McGuires combined to produce a strong team flavored by Dick's passing and Al's flair for lunacy. In the three years Al played for Frank, the Redmen went to three NITs, one NCAA and, contrary to belief, not one mental institution.

Frank McGuire's glory years were to come after he and Al parted ways. The year following Al's graduation, Frank coached St. John's to the NCAA finals, losing to Kansas in a game that Al listened to while on the road as a pro with the New York Knicks. Five years later Al was working in a sewer in Long



Old buddies Frank (left) and Al met again on the Gamecock floor—and then the war began.

In his shocking-blue suit, Larry McNeill goes over Carolina's Kevin Joyce for an early tip

Island City when the national finals came around again. This time Frank, then at North Carolina, defeated Kansas in triple overtime for the championship.

Within months Al was in North Carolina, too—at little Belmont Abbey College outside Charlotte where Frank had recommended him to the Benedictine monks. For the next few years, while Frank was rampaging through the ACC, Al withstood the perils of Belmont Abbey. "I thought he would leave me there forever to die in a monastery," Al said. But Frank bailed him out again, this time to Marquette, whose Jesuit fathers had offered him their coaching job.

So in 1964 Marquette got Al, the same year that South Carolina got Frank. Which is why it all came down to the flesh-and-blood confrontation last week in Columbia.

Both coaches were subdued about their feelings, but under the surface there was tension. Their players knew. "The feeling is there in practice," said Chones. "We know how much this means to them. I think all of us are out to get this one for a McGuire. But which one?"

Neither McGuire has ever lost any sleep over the X's and O's of the coaching business, so it was no surprise that Frank, for instance, was less concerned about the inside power and finesse of Marquette's Chones and Lackey than he was with his own team's attitude and their reaction to a long layoff.

The Gamecocks had suffered their only defeat of the season in what they called a "sizzler," 77-76 to Villanova in the Quaker City tournament finals. It was their best game so far and they seemed to be rounding into form when a layoff of 10 days set in.

"The vacation and the mental thing are the hard parts," said Frank. "Nobody ever plays an easy game against Al McGuire. What an unpredictable fellow. He might run out there and start dribbling it himself."

As it happened, Al did not know what to expect either. "I'm not just blowing smoke rings at Frank," he said, "but he's got too much class to be a coach. Look at the clothes, those handmade shirts. I prefer not to get surly with him on Sunday, but I'm obnoxious and rotten on the road. I do it to get the crowd



off my players and on me. But this man—I have to show respect. I don't know if I can wash out what this man means to me for the time it takes to win a game."

Strategically, the Warriors wanted to out-quick South Carolina underneath and press the Gamecocks into errors. "I think it will be sloppy in the beginning," said Al, "but I hope the refs let us play. McGuire's like physical stuff."

"The baseline looks like a push," he went on. "We've got to get on Joyce. He's the head; you cut the head off, and the body dies."

In a phrase, that is what happened.

South Carolina's massive Traylor played a wonderful first half, scoring 14 points to offset the Warriors underneath. But the Gamecocks were burned by Marquette's neat sophomore, Marcus Washington. He finished with 16 points and, with Sugar Frazier, hounded Joyce right down to the final shot.

Then Al McGuire walked to the center circle and raised his hands in victory. Frank met him in an embrace. "No hard feelings," said Frank. "It's like losing to a brother."

And again all was quiet in the emerald corner.

END

The thunder had a familiar sound, but this time there was an extra rumble of exasperation—and righteous rage—in it, which made it seem more menacing than similar storms of the past. Once more it was the old mountain king, Avery Brundage, long the noble and stubborn defender of amateurism in its most idealistic form, hurling lightning bolts at his favorite target, the corruption and hypocrisy rampant in world class skiing. And once more it was the rather slippery policies of the Fédération Internationale de Ski (FIS) toward profit and commercialism that was the cause of Avery's wrath. Ultimately, once more it seemed possible that the major victim of all the violent weather could well be the 1972 Olympic Winter Games.

Some of the same doomful climate had prevailed in 1968 before Grenoble, when Brundage was convinced (and quite rightly) that most ski racers—both Alpine and Nordic—were walking commercials being paid for using equipment garishly labeled with the name of the manufacturer. He threatened them, but his lightning did not strike (although

THE BIG MAN LOWERS HIS OLYMPIC BOOM

For years he warned ski racers about professionalism. For years they laughed.

But now they know Brundage means business

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

he flatly refused to present any medals to winners of the Alpine competitions). But now Avery Brundage is on the brink of retirement as president of the International Olympic Committee after 20 years and—with the Sapporo Olympics barely three weeks off—he seems determined to make his last Winter Games as pure as the driven snow on which the Japanese hope they will be held.

Said Brundage last week: "If we confine the skiers allowed to compete in the Olympics to those who can meet the eligibility requirements of the IOC, then all of the prominent skiers of the world—both Alpine and Nordic—must be disqualified. We have taken the stand,

and made it perfectly clear in IOC Rule 26, that anyone whose name or photograph has been used in an advertisement for ski equipment is automatically an agent of the manufacturer. If we were to permit such competitors in the Olympic Games, we would be sponsoring a contest between manufacturers' agents and not between individuals, as the Olympic ideal demands. Officials of the FIS have kept telling us that they are trying to eliminate commercialism in skiing, but they are not doing that at all. On the contrary: only last month in their races at Sestriere, they were actually selling space on the number bibs worn by their skiers—selling space to Martini, a



vermouth company. This is outrageous.

"The trademarks on skis are bigger than ever. The FIS people admit that none of their best skiers can in any way meet Olympic qualifications, but they try to tell us, 'Well, let's start over then, let's start with a clean slate and forget what has gone before.' And I have told them that we must enforce our rules, that they are not clean now and that next year—the moment I've retired—they'll be back with their same dirty hands, operating in the same corrupt way they are now. Skiing is a disaster area. It is just an outrage. The Japanese and the American teams have been quite careful with their skiers, and most of them will probably be eligible. Most others will not. The Austrian and the French ski teams are nothing more than branches of the tourist industry. All of them must be disqualified."

Familiar though the Brundage diatribe may seem, there is one significant difference between this year's situation and those of the past: now he has absolute documentation for disqualification in a carefully collected stack of ski equipment ads that carry the names or faces of nearly all the finest racers in the world.

Thus, as even FIS Vice-President Dr. Amos (Bud) Little of Helena, Mont., must confess: "Avery has us dead to rights. If he wants to blow the whistle, he can do it and we have no recourse. He has the proof right there in that little pile of clippings."

Nonetheless, the general reaction to this newest Brundage outburst has been one of either scorn or boredom. From Switzerland, FIS President Marc Hodler snapped: "Avery refuses to consider facts." The secretary of the FIS, Sigge Bergman of Sweden, said, "I'm taking his threats very calmly. His try at stopping us is an incredibly insolent move against, among others, the Japanese, who have invested millions in preparations." In France one official at the Ministry of Sport said: "If the amateur rules were strictly applied to every sport, the only real amateur would be Princess Anne."

Perhaps, And Brundage is indeed blithely ignoring all competitors from the Iron Curtain countries because he says he has no "documentation" to

prove that they are not amateurs, even though it is commonly recognized that every Russian, Czech and East German Olympian is fully subsidized—clothed, fed, trained and massaged—with government funds. But last week Brundage refused to open even a small Olympic crack for any other errant competitors to slip through. "I feel sorry for them," he said. "It's the athletes who are being penalized for the wrongs committed by the FIS. But contestants who have broken our rules simply will not be allowed in the Olympics at Sapporo."

Officials of the FIS have been remarkably wishy-washy in either challenging the Olympic regulations or attempting to bring their own rather hazy policies into line. As Bud Little said, "A number of us in the federation have been jostling around for years, trying to get the FIS to take a strong stand on this whole damned amateurism mess. But the majority kept saying, 'Let's wait and see what happens, let's not be in a hurry.' And here we are—what a mess! Of course, Avery will simply kill the Winter Olympics if he carries out all his threats."

What might really happen in Japan? Well, there could be compromises of many colors. However, the peak of the crisis probably will not come until the 11th hour, for nothing specific is likely to occur until the IOC has actually received the applications of individual contestants. These applications will be processed beginning Jan. 24, a mere 10 days before the Games are to begin. "We can't actually disqualify anyone until he has formally applied," says Brundage.

If the IOC does proceed as Brundage insists, then the Sapporo Games would be essentially reduced to a rather cheap contest among a bunch of certified mediocrities in Alpine skiing and to a classy—but almost entirely Communist—crowd in the Nordic events.

Still, there is one possibility that might yet allow the world's finest skiers to compete in Sapporo—no matter how blatantly they have played their roles as "manufacturers' agents." This plan was put forward by Brundage himself: simply do away with all Olympic skiing competition at Sapporo and substitute FIS world championship events. Although the events would be held at facilities built for the Olympics, none of the contestants would be allowed to participate in Olympic ceremonies and, of course,

none would be given Olympic medals. "But if we do this," said Brundage, "the officials of the FIS must come to us and admit that it is all their fault that their skiers have become so involved in commercialism. This is the least objectionable solution to a most embarrassing situation."

When this idea was advanced to Little and another FIS vice-president, Bjorn Kjellstrom, last month in Chicago—and later to Hodler in Switzerland—the immediate reaction of all three was quite enthusiastically affirmative. "We thought it sounded just great," said Bud Little. "But then a day or so later Hodler started sounding out some of the Europeans on the matter and, by God, they balked. About half the people he talked to said that they didn't want to turn it into an FIS world championship for one major reason—they would not then get financial support to send their teams to Japan from their national Olympic committees. It was strictly a matter of money! They were afraid the Olympic funds would be cut off if the word got out that it was an FIS competition instead of the Olympics."

As the week ended, Hodler insisted, "We have not withdrawn any skier from Olympic competition in Sapporo and there has been no official discussion between the IOC and FIS about simultaneous world championships and Olympic competitions. We have not been notified officially of anything, so it's FIS business as usual."

And that is where the impasse now lies. The FIS strategy—if one can dignify it with such a term—is to send its national ski teams to Japan on national Olympic committee cash. Once there, each team would submit its member applications to the IOC eligibility committee (a handpicked Brundage group that will certainly make short work of eradicating all suspicious characters). Then the FIS plans to step in at the last minute when the Winter Games ski events have been reduced to a shambles and magnanimously offer to accept Avery Brundage's original plan to hold FIS championships in Japan. "We have told all of our people to qualify their skiers based on FIS eligibility regulations—not the IOC's," said Bud Little. "Frankly, I have all kinds of reservations about doing it this way. But everything is going to have to come to a head in Japan and probably not before." **END**

Scolding Brundage for formal unveiling of Munich, Germany's noted Jean Spengler captures a fittingly stony Olympian expression.



COWBOYS, IN A WALK

Dallas will win by more than two touchdowns, says the author, who's been known to make similar pronouncements. This time he really means it

by **TEX MAULE**

game of carefully fitted and meticulously coached units. The basic confrontation in the line next weekend will not be All-Pro Tackle Bob Lilly versus Miami Guard Bob Kuechenberg, or Cowboy Guard Blaine Nye versus Miami Tackle Manny Fernandez. These matchups will undoubtedly occur now and then, but, given the variety of offense and defense that both teams will use, the odds are that they will not very often have a clear-cut and definitive effect on the outcome of the game.

What will decide the winner of this game—and it should be Dallas by something over two touchdowns—will be the efficiency shown by the units of both teams. And efficiency within a unit—offensive line, defensive line, linebackers, defensive backs or whatever—derives from experience and, more important, the experience of the unit as a whole, not of the individuals who make it up.

Paul Wiggin, one of the San Francisco coaches, analyzed it properly after the Cowboys beat the 49ers for the NFC title. "The Vikings have the reputation for defense, mostly because of their line," he said, "but the Cowboys are probably the best defensive team in the league because of how well they coordinate all their have."

Well, coordination is not an individual thing; in the long run (no pun intended) it comes from a group of people doing the same thing together for a long time. Within the structure of modern pro football there are quite a few groups, and the groups on the Dallas team have played together, under stress, longer than those on the Dolphins.

Let's run down the matchups, group by group. The operative blocking section of the Cowboys is made up of Tony Liscio at left tackle (eight-year veteran), John Noland at left guard (six years), Dave Manders at center (seven years),

Nye at right guard (four years), Rayfield Wright at right tackle (five years) and either Mike Ditka (11 years) or Billy Truax (eight years) at tight end. Truax, both ends joined Dallas recently, but they are veterans who fit into a new style quickly and easily.

The Mams unit they face—and remember, the matchups between the units vary from play to play as blocking and defensive assignments change, so that the efficacy of a unit depends on its ability as a whole, not on the ability of its individuals—reads like this: Jim Riley, left end (five years), Fernandez, left tackle (four years), Bob Heinz, right tackle (three years), and Bill Stanfill, right end (three years). When you march Manders with Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti, you get a plus for the Dolphins, since Nick has been playing pro ball 10 years, if only three on the defensive unit of the Dolphins.

However, the key to the superiority of the interior of the Cowboy offensive line over the Dolphin defense lies in the fact that, for the most part, the Cowboys have played together under the same system for a minimum of four years, whereas the Dolphin defenders have been playing under Coach Don Shula's system only two years and for about the same time as a coherent unit.

Heinz is a starter for the first time, the other three have played together only three years. For Dallas, Nye is the newest addition to the offensive line, the others having belonged to the same unit for a minimum of five years. Typical of how a veteran offensive line can coordinate with quick, strong running backs was the 13-yard touchdown run Duane Thomas made in the divisional playoffs off Noland's block on Minnesota's All-Pro defensive tackle, Alan Page.

The same disparity in unit experience exists elsewhere, but most glaringly in

The Dallas Cowboys and the Miami Dolphins would both like to win the Super Bowl very much—so you can write off the favorite intangible most coaches use to explain victory or defeat. Desire is equal.

Both clubs have extraordinarily talented individuals, capable of what is usually called The Big Play although, as often as not, it is The Fortuitous Play.

Both teams have bright coaches and good scouting staffs, and both will go into the Super Bowl with precise and detailed information on offense, defense, special teams and how long it takes the opposing punter or placekicker to get the ball in the air.

A great deal of the pregame publicity will be concerned with matchups—a cornerback on a wide receiver, an offensive guard on a defensive tackle, a defensive end on an offensive tackle, a center on a middle linebacker—and the judgments arrived at from evaluating these will be valid, up to a point.

Both teams are strong and skilled, and if the matchups seem a shade in favor of Dallas, matchups do not really mean that much anymore. Professional football, at the level at which Dallas and Miami will be playing in New Orleans, is not really a game of individuals.

It is, and has been for some time, a



DOLPHINS, BY A NOSE

The author was born in Miami, lives in Miami and will die in New Orleans if the Big Aqua Machine conks out. Worry not. Garo Yepremian is on hand

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

more thoughtful quarterback in Bob Griese and the most disciplined of the great receivers in Paul Warfield. Compared to Warfield's intricate and precise pass routes, Bob Hayes is the shortest distance between two points. Better running the ball are the Dolphins because Jim Knick and Larry Csonka are stronger and can do more things than Duane Thomas, and can be counted on not to cover their heads and faces with stocking caps on the flight home. Neither will they skip practices. Better on defense are the Dolphins because for all their swarming pursuit they have a great patience and are too smart to be taken in by the cozenage of blinking-needs shifts and multiple men in motion which the Cowboys feature.

Chrome is really all that is. Underneath is the usual number of cylinders and pistons—and actually fewer basic plays than, say, Kansas City threw at Miami. And only the emergence (just after midseason, in a desperate move when the Cowboys were floundering) of scrambler Roger Staubach as quarterback and leader keeps the Dallas attack from being the same clank-along offense that dulled up the last Super Bowl. As good as he is, one must wonder about Staubach. He has started only 15 games for the Cowboys since leaving the Navy, compared with Griese's 60 or so starts for the Dolphins, and at this delicate stage of his professional career is not Staubach still confused by the maze of defenses other teams have erected? Certainly Miami will throw up strange defenses, too, reducing Staubach to heroics—he is a terrific scrambler—or dropping him for huge losses when he is unsure where to throw the ball. Or is it old conservative Tom Landry's game plan for Roger to outrush his own rushing backs, which he did in the title game with San Francisco? Silly question.

Much will be made in the hours before this contest of the fact that Dallas has been here before. Five times in five years, to be exact, in either playoff or championship games. This will be called an advantage. It will be called that, but it will not be because every time the Cowboys have been here they have also been beaten. Pain makes men think. From the painful experience will re-emerge the lingering doubts, the residue of insecurity, the now-familiar crisis of spirit. Choose one. Not how we can win, but can we win. Five years of dodging ripe tomatoes and a man grows wary of the next finale. The risk of failing again will weigh heavily on the Cowboys.

The Dolphins, on the other hand, have no such hang-ups. They have grown into their success, steadily and healthily, as prodigies should. Fully matured at last, they consider the failures of the past only prelude, a part of the learning process and not restricting. "I can remember when it was really something just to make a first down," says Wide Receiver Howard Twilley, but he smiles when he says it. There is no fear in the Dolphins. They do not lose their pose. Pressure? They have been to Kansas City. That was pressure. As the saying goes, if Garo Yepremian is for you, who can be against you?

The Dolphins are young—only six years in the making—and since the expansion no team of an equally tender age has ever won the championship of professional football. But in key positions they have setting influences—Nick Buoniconti, the middle linebacker, is a 10-year man; Center Bob DeMarco is a veteran of 11 years; Tight End Marv Fleming, nine; Warfield, eight; and in his five years Griese has become as wise a head as there is in the game, a *beau idéal* of composure and guile. Can the Dolphins take adversity? What if they get

continued

There is, of course, the chance that the law of averages will come to the rescue, that Dallas will finally win a big game and Tex Maule, the Cowboys' enduring advocate, will finally be vindicated. That's the chance. But it won't happen. Whether you believe in the Miami Dolphins or not—and they are eminently unbelievable, glistening as they do with that freshly minted look—they are a better team than Dallas. Not by much, but better. Better coached because they represent a tighter fusion of effort (no Dolphin has been heard to say that Don Shula is made of plastic), a happier band of mercenaries, convinced, as the Mets once were in another unbelievable time, that they were put on earth to conquer it. Right now. Today. Better prepared psychologically, too, at this gravid moment because in the eight-day playoff period just past they beat in heady succession the last two Super Bowl champions, Kansas City and Baltimore, both of whom are superior to Dallas and the teams Dallas defeated over the same period. The generosity of the latter pair (Minnesota and San Francisco) in turning the ball over to the Cowboys eight times on fumbles and pass interceptions will not be repeated by Miami, a tighter-fisted bunch.

Better on offense are the Dolphins because they have a more experienced,



the two secondaries. The four Cowboy starters have a total of 31 years experience, the four Dolphins only 10.

Linebackers? The Cowboy trio of Lee Roy Jordan, Chuck Howley and Dave Edwards has a total of 31 years experience, at least six as a unit; the Dolphins have a total of 14, most of that provided by Buoniconti, and they have played together as a unit only two years.

There are wide-eyed, emotional Miami fans who believe the Dolphins will wreak yet another miracle in the Super Bowl, powered by the magic of Bob Griese, Larry Csonka, Jim Kick and Paul Warfield. Well, let's see how the Dolphin stars match their counterparts on the Cowboys.

First, Griese against Roger Staubach, the mobile, hard-running Cowboy quarterback. The Miami fanatics will tell you that there is one place where the Dolphins enjoy a big edge, but consider. Griese, during 1971, threw 263 passes, completed 145 (55.1%) for 2,089 yards and 19 touchdowns and had nine interceptions. The Miami record under Griese was 10-3-1. The losses were to the crippled 6-8 Jets, the 6-8 Patriots by a whopping 34-13 and to Baltimore. The Dolphins were tied by 4-9-1 Denver. Staubach became the Cowboys' regular quarterback in the eighth game. Since then he has won nine in a row; actually, the Cowboys have won all 12 games Staubach started. Statistically, he also has the edge on Griese. He threw 211 passes, completed 126 (59.7%) for 1,882 yards and 15 touchdowns and had only four interceptions. Staubach has been accused of losing too much yardage when he is trapped on a scramble, but while he was sacked 23 times and lost 175 yards, Griese lost 248 yards on the same number of dumps. And Staubach gained 343 yards running to Griese's 82 on only 15 more carries.

So much for the quarterbacks. Csonka and Kick are certainly fine running backs but only about the same size as Calvin Hill and Thomas, and the Cowboy duo is considerably faster. Csonka and Kick will probably grind out a few yards but not many against

the best rushing defense in the NFL. Hill and Thomas, backed up by Walt Garrison, who is as good a short-yardage runner as either Csonka or Kick, should find the going much easier.

That leaves the great Warfield, and certainly he ranks among the top five wide receivers in football. No one would claim that honor for the other Miami wide receiver, although Howard Twilley is dedicated and competent. The Cowboys have two wide receivers who rate on a par with Warfield in Bob Hayes and Lance Alworth. Hayes caught 35 passes for 840 yards and eight touchdowns during 1971. Warfield caught 43 for 996 and 11 touchdowns. Hayes averaged 24 yards per catch, Warfield 23.2. Alworth had 34 catches for 487, Twilley 23 for 349. The third of the top three receivers for both teams was a back—Kick for Miami with 40 for 338, Garrison for Dallas with 40 for 396. But again, you must remember that the Cowboy receivers will be probing a relatively young Miami defense unit, the Dolphin receivers a veteran group.

Well, enough of dry statistics. The game, the Miami faithful feel, will be won on the spirit and mystique of their club. The Cowboys, they say, have been to the well so often only to spill the water that they will, again, lose The Big Game. They lost twice in the NFL finals to Green Bay, both games being decided in the final seconds of play. Both could as easily have been Dallas wins. They lost again to Baltimore in the Super Bowl last year, again in the closing seconds. They did not get into those games by losing the big ones, and they certainly will not lose to Miami this time.

How will they do it? By shutting off the Miami running game as they did San Francisco's and Minnesota's. By dumping Griese for losses or forcing him to pass in a hurry as they did to John Brodie. By covering Warfield tenaciously as they did both the 49ers' Gene Washington and the Vikings' Gene Washington, and by stretching the Miami zone defense to the breaking point with Alworth, Hayes and either Dika or Truax. Their own running backs, behind a superior offensive line, should stagger the Dolphin short defense, making it even easier for Staubach to throw.

And, of course, if he can't throw, Staubach might beat the Dolphins all by himself by running. As slick as Griese is, could he do that?



behind? Well, they were down 18 points to Pittsburgh and won; they came from behind three times to beat Kansas City in The Longest Game. But this time they have to play one of the venerable NFL giants. Well, they played three NFL giants during the regular season—the Rams, the Bears and the Packers—and swept. The Bears, manhandled by Miami on national television, had previously beaten the Cowboys. Cowboy fans will contend that that was B.S. (Before Staubach) and does not count. It does so count. There is a suspicion, furthermore, that the Dolphins played in a tougher division than the AFC East compared with Dallas' NFC East. The worst team in the AFC East, Buffalo, scored 37 points on the Cowboys. Cowboy fans will contend that that was early in the season and does not count. It does so count.

One other factor to bear in mind is the impressive physicality of the Dolphins and its psychological counterpart—a belief in one's own strength. At the conclusion of their playoff games with Kansas City and Baltimore, Miami was clearly the stronger team; this Shula attributes to his demanding conditioning program.

The Dolphins themselves are amazed, not by their success but that others still hesitate to accept it. "Miami has an easy ring to it," admits Csonka, "which is fine because it's nice to be the underdog. But look around. Not a prima donna in the bunch and tough as hell. Forty street fighters. And you'll never see a closer hunch. 'Superclous,' says Manny Hernandez, the defensive tackle. "It doesn't matter if anybody else believes. We believe."

As to the ways and means of Miami's victory, certain things can be predicted. The Cowboys' Doomsday Defense has not faced as good a pair of running backs as Csonka and Kick, certainly not lately. For all of Bob Lilly's prowess, Miami will find a way to block him and get at the Dallas linebackers, who are good enough but are not to be mistaken for Baltimore's or Kansas City's. Griese will probe around, mentally flipping through his

END

continued

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arsenal until he comes up with the plays that will accomplish this (the misdirection, the traps, the power sweeps), enabling his big backs, as Csonka puts it, to "force the collision" on the linebackers. This is where Csonka and Kuck beat you, when the collision is of their making and you suddenly find yourself five yards downfield.

Griese, meanwhile, will throw sparingly, which is his wont, but inevitably he will find Warfield and Twilley and Fleming, and Kuck—even Csonka at times—coming out of the backfield, and he will mix it up, being meticulous in his selection. And he will not throw the ball into George Andrie's chest as John Brodie did, or be intercepted four times as Minnesota's quarterbacks were. And when the time is ripe he will send Warfield into an area of minimal protection, and Warfield will be running very fast.

Miami's No-Name Defense, which allowed 48 fewer points than Dallas' Doomsday, will swarm after Calvin Hill and Thomas; and Hayes and Lance Alworth will have great difficulty finding vacancies in the Miami zone. More often than not, they will find themselves in con-vo with two or three Dolphins at a time, as Kansas City's Otis Taylor did when he was restricted to three catches for 12 yards. And then Staubach's concentration will wander (even as John Unitas' did), as will his feet, not by the sheer force of the Miami defense but because he will be looking for something that is not there, and then when he scrambles he will find that Miami's No-Names are very sure hitters in the open field. Linebacker Mike Kolen, for example, is known as Captain Crunch. He put the crunch on Baltimore's Don Nottingham in the open field two weeks ago, and Nottingham never got back in the game. Should Kolen catch Staubach in the open field, well, how does the song go, Roger? *Anchors Aweigh!*

All these things might not happen, of course, because the Cowboys are overdue, and if the law of averages does catch up with them someday, it would be altogether fitting that they award Tex Maule the game ball.

END

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NOTHING LIKE HAVING YOUR BOAT DOWNTOWN

by JERRY KUSHENILAU

Now close to 6,000 people do have boats tied up at the Los Angeles city limits. Marina del Rey is a waterfront community where Angelenos can park their craft a mere 30 or 40 minutes from the office, and if boating doesn't happen to be their thing, they can fish, cycle, swim and sunbathe or sit around on their balconies watching other people fish, cycle, swim and sunbathe. It may be the answer to the Urban Problem—otherwise known as Having Your Cake and Eating It, Too

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIEHERRMAN





Contrary to accepted belief about Los Angeles, if you journey doggedly through that city in any one direction, passing enough double mushroomburger stands and billboards promising ANOTHER GROMAN MORTUARY TO SERVE YOU, sooner or later you will run out of megalopolis. Even traveling westward, where the urban sprawl presses against the Pacific, there is hope of sanctuary. Just drive to a shiny new L.A. settlement at water's edge called Marina del Rey. The name is out of a Spanish-English dictionary, but the place springs from man's eternal yearning for paradise, the very impulse that has been turning lowans into Angelenos and citrus groves into shopping centers for years.

This one may be the most audaciously cheerful attempt of all. Large enough to accommodate some 6,000 boats, it nonetheless comes off as a snug harbor lined with atmospheric restaurants and water-lapped apartments, situated not up in the wilds beyond Malibu somewhere but right on the busy coastal stretch between Santa Monica and Los Angeles International Airport. Marina del Rey is a place of gently swaying palms and four-alam sunsets, elements of the golden dream not always conspicuous on the Los Angeles landscape. Not that it lacks some of the more compelling features of that landscape, such as a profusion of bikini-clad girls basking on balconies of garden apartments or decorating the decks of magnificent pleasure boats. And for the ladies there is always a glimpse of somebody like Walter Matthau aboard his cabin cruiser or perhaps Dan Rowan at the helm of his sailing ship.

But Marina del Rey, despite its urban setting, offers other blessings, too. One of these is the quality of the water, which a University of Southern California environmentalist has lauded as uncommonly clean, a condition he attributed to beneficial tides in Santa Monica Bay. Then there is the sunshine. Fog sometimes threads its way eerily through the manna's thicket of masts, and everybody naturally finds this romantic, but especially when a hot Santa Ana blows gloomily in from the San Gabriel Mountains, the sky is virtually free of smog. As all of Los Angeles must know by now, when the sun is banished from the rest of the city, it usually takes up residence along

continued

the coast—in places like Marina del Rey.

Behind this effort to establish an urban Eden is, improbably enough, gray, bureaucratic Los Angeles County, which has wound up building the world's largest man-made small-craft harbor. The county fathers tapped the 780-acre area for stardom back when it was just a shy and awkward salt marsh, dredging a gaping mile-long channel to the sea as the first step in a \$186 million cosmetic job.

Private developers did the rest, installing berths for the boats and building yacht clubs, shopping centers and apartments with harbor views for everyone. They put up more than a dozen apartment complexes, including the neo 981-unit Mariners Village, stunningly landscaped with lush pine, weathered telephone poles and olive trees so big they had to be lowered into place by helicopter. Up went several dozen restaurants: such places as The Warehouse, a drafty establishment carefully built with a rusty iron roof and rafters hung with a great cluster of Mexican oregano sacks, Indonesian pickle barrels and German nail kegs. Clad in a Frank Buck safari suit, Burt Hixon, the 36-year-old proprietor, explains, "I didn't want it to be another of those corny restaurants with fishnets and conches." And up went Fisherman's Village, a \$2 million tourist complex styled after a 19th-century New England whaling port, complete with a let's-pretend lighthouse and curio shops bearing names like Captain Tom's Woodshop. It all has rather the effect of a silicone-firm movie queen: you know things are partly plastic, but it's irresistible just the same.

Riding the crest of its own popularity, Marina del Rey has brought treasure to the county and helped raise property values along the coastline. Its population, permanent and transient, may range up to 30,000 a day. Some people come to live, others to boat, others just to play, but they all come because the marina offers at least the illusion of escape—and in Los Angeles illusion is a marketable commodity: TV studios have used the marina's waterfront as a backdrop for segments of *Mannix*, *Murder, She Wrote*, *M.D.* and a good many other shows.

But for a number of people the escape is real. Located no more than 45 minutes from almost anything in L.A., Marina del Rey is so handy that when lunch hour rolls around in the Beverly

Hills firm where one boating enthusiast works, the gentleman thinks nothing of driving out with a couple of friends and serving them roast-beef sandwiches and Cold Duck aboard his 32-foot sloop. Gulls flapping overhead, the squeaking of elkskin shoes in the distance, the faint swoosh of a ketch lapping past—this is his lunchtime concert. The meal completed, he escorts his guests to the car and hurries back to work, returning to his desk before his bosses are any the wiser. "It's a very conservative company," the sneaky luncher says wickedly. "I don't think they'd approve."

It would be unreasonable to expect so convenient a place to be an unspoiled hideaway. Paying the price of both proximity and success, Marina del Rey has a rising crime rate (sheriff's deputies occasionally patrol the docks in bathing suits, barely qualifying as plainclothesmen) and a serious parking problem, especially on summer weekends. At the same time, it stands apart from the rest of Los Angeles, a unique preserve leased and operated by private enterprise but owned and orchestrated by the county—with some curious results. In a city of bizarre religious sects, Marina del Rey has no churches at all and, except for boat repair facilities, no manufacturing, either. There are no cemeteries and no schools. Most of Marina del Rey's apartment landlords are one with W. C. Fields on the subject of children, and the few kids living there attend school in neighboring communities.

Only in fun and games does the marina abound, but this hedonistic approach has attracted, as year-round residents, a rapidly growing number of assorted Angelenos. The apartment buildings they occupy are mostly pale, low-slung affairs that rise from the water's edge like sides of a bathtub, a tub so filled with toy vessels there is scarcely room for a bar of Lifebuoy. Only one marina resident in four bothers to own a boat himself, the rest being content simply to live near the water. It is taken for granted that every apartment complex has swimming pools and tennis courts, and many of them feature luau, Sunday barbecues and everything else one associates with Southern California living, except perhaps oranges just for the picking.

Rentals vary from \$200 a month for a small studio in a complex such as Del Rey Shores up to \$1,850, which

buys a month's worth of big-gulp views from a four-bedroom penthouse in a new 17-story building. The latter, consisting of two curved sections facing each other like concrete parentheses, is part of the Marina City Club, an apartment-hotel budgeted to cost, once the last waxen plant is potted and sheet of solar-tinted glass installed, at least \$70 million. It offers swimming, tennis and saunas to apartment dwellers and outside members alike, all laid out on a sky-high recreation area that management freely encourages everybody to call the RecDec. Walter Pidgion, Ida Lupino and Barry Goldwater have rushed to join the club—at \$1,500 initiation and \$20 monthly dues—but the complex's apartments are moving more slowly.

The problem is not with those \$1,850 flats—they were snapped up with unmodest haste—but with less prestigious ones in the \$750-and-under range. Marina City Club has mobilized to fill the vacancies under the efficient direction of Trish Bohanan, the club's attractive, very efficient general manager.

"We feel our appeal will be to corporations, sophisticated individuals and celebrities," Miss Bohanan says. "This is a place where people can go for an evening without everybody cooling and aching. The mood is what I call casual elegance."

The Marina City Club plans eventually to put up a casually elegant 800-room luxury hotel, and others are in the works. Until then, there is the comfortable, sprawling Marina del Rey Hotel, with its balloon-red minibuses shuttling to and from the airport. For tourists, there are diversions in Marina del Rey such as the Yankee Pedaler, where outlanders rent bicycles and set off in great packs along marina streets compellingly named Bora Bora or Fiji Way. The sugary expanse of sand just a few feet away in Venice is suitable for surfing or volleyball, and one can simply soak up sun at the marina's own little cove-shaped beach. Also, there are Fisherman's Village and the marina's 22 restaurants.

The entire scene has the busy atmosphere of a perpetual boat show. One can roam the patterned slips and never run out of gleaming craft to inspect, their sterns emblazoned with all those catchy names like *Sir Ya Later*, *Tons-O' Fun*, *Y-Not* or, simply, *Boat* ("I decided to just name it, already," Beverly Hills dentist Norman Kreyvoy explains),



The boats range in comfort from the shells of UCLA, whose crew trains in the marina's main channel, to the 73-foot *Sagittarius*, a \$750,000 floating palace owned by Bob Leonard, who does well in discount stores. *Sagittarius* has a full-time skipper plus such Hefnerian touches as a king-size bed covered in rabbit skin, but otherwise it contrasts tastefully with the handful of yachts to be found at Marina del Rey whose owners insist on completely decorating the interiors in the color of a thousand canaries.

The marina has its share of distinguished sailors, but there are boating pleasures other than racing. Santa Monica Bay yields halibut, yellowtail and barracuda, and when the albacore or maulen are running in the waters beyond Catalina, 40 miles to the south, the exodus can take on armada proportions.

Set in a more populated area than Newport-Balboa, the old-line yachting retreat farther down the Southern California coast, Marina del Rey tends to attract newer money and less experienced boatmen. Some owners, lacking any real commitment to boating, board their vessels only to sip frozen daquiris at dockside. And there are always defectors like Steve Picciolo, a Santa Monica businessman who recently slapped a for-sale sign on his 43-foot *Gran Mariner*. *Quers* in hopes of making it somebody else's. Picciolo enjoys boating well enough but Beth, his wife of four years, calls it "the same old routine." Rejecting the alternative that has occurred to other men in like circumstances, her husband has agreed to give up boating.

To ease the congestion that sometimes develops in its 900-foot-wide entrance channel, Marina del Rey's boating community has agreed to honor traffic corridors, with sailboats tacking up the middle and powerboats keeping to the sides. Besides reducing some of the old friction between stinkpots and ragmen, this simple yet novel move has taken some of the urgency from the voice of Harbor Patrol Chief Leo Porter when he peers out of the window of Los Angeles County's marina headquarters and says, "You know, I could cross that channel by walking from boat to boat."

Neither Porter nor any other county official dares complain too strenuously. At a time when some public bodies have resorted in desperation to lotteries or off-track betting to raise money, Los An-



Anytime for tennis—on the RecDec of the Marina City Club? Or for sitting with his feet under the waterfall in Mariners Village? How about sailing alone, or renting a bike for a spin with a bunch of other people?





MARINA LIFE continued

geles County has a windfall in Marina del Rey. By parceling out property to developers under 60-year leases, it takes in \$5 million a year in rentals and taxes. That is enough for the county to meet expenses, service the \$13 million bond issue used to build the marina and still leave a \$1.7 million surplus.

All this redounds to the glory of a powerful Los Angeles politician named Burton Chace, a longtime county supervisor whose district encompasses 68 miles of choicest Southern California coastline. Chace proudly tells of having fathered Marina del Rey, and aerial views of his baby adorn his walnut-paneled office in the massive Hall of Administration in downtown Los Angeles. "It's the greatest moneymaker the county has," Chace says, inspirationally jingling the coins in the pocket of his avocado-colored suit. "It's the greatest cooperation between government and private enterprise anybody has ever seen."

There were troubled moments when the marina might as easily have become Chace's folly. The most serious crisis came shortly after its opening back in 1962, when wave action swept away dock installations and damaged hundreds of boats. The problem was corrected by construction of a state and federally financed \$4.2 million offshore detached breakwater.

The wanderlust one associates with boating and the mobility that makes Los Angeles possible are getting along together splendidly at Marina del Rey. Strictly a rental community—there aren't even any condominiums—its apartment dwellers are a transient lot: older couples whose children have grown or single people in no hurry to build nests. "They're people who want no part of laws and property taxes," says Bob Leslie, executive director of the Marina del Rey Lessees Association, an organization of 33 of the marina's private developers. "They've got a little of the nomad about them. They're the kind of people who want to be able to close up their apartments at a moment's notice."

Marina del Rey's freewheeling lifestyle is most faithfully reflected in the local chapter of the South Bay Club, a chain of singles-only apartment complexes of the kind so dear to newspaper feature writers, most of whom have proved admirably adept at sniffing out the occasional 85-year-old bachelor to be found living in such places.

There was a more serious front-page story two years ago when somebody spiked the potato chips with LSD at a party at the Marina del Rey complex, resulting in the serious illness of several people. The incident also resulted in an effort to play down the club's swinging-singles image and emphasize instead an activities schedule worthy of a Caribbean cruise, including yoga classes, south-of-the-border nights, karate lessons and an appearance ("in person," advised the sign in the lobby) of Atorin the mentalist.

Not nearly as regimented but certainly as active is the singles' scene in the lounge of the Second Storey The Basement, another of the marina's restaurants. A younger crowd dances to hard rock in a lower-level room but upstairs it is strictly the mating minuet: the men in shirts twice unbuttoned, the women with sunglasses perched atop the head, everybody wearing sweats and leathers and available looks. Garth Reynolds, the mustachioed part-owner, calls the Second Storey "a superswinger's spot," an assessment that drew no quarrel from Ginny Miller, a curvy, hazel-eyed secretary who occasionally drops by after work in order, as she put it, "to meet quality guys."

Even with everything else going on, there is room for the substantial social contribution of Marina del Rey's seven yacht clubs, each with its own club tie, pewter mugs and good fellowship. The trappings are reminiscent of fraternity row, and the equivalent of the big man on campus is lean, chisel-featured Chuck Hathaway, a respected sailor and president of the 50-year-old California Yacht Club, which moved to the marina in 1963. "Yacht clubs are the seasoning that make boating a gourmet experience," Hathaway says. "They give it purpose." His 600-member club shares the social limelight with the Del Rey Yacht Club, a predominantly Jewish rival, particularly in the matter of which of their ladies' auxiliaries can most often make the women's pages of the *Los Angeles Times*.

They compete on the water, too, notably in such blue-water sailing events as the California Cup, a round-the-buoys match race hosted by Hathaway's club, or in Del Rey's new 1,125-mile race to Puerto Vallarta. The Round-Catalina offshore powerboat race is run out of Marina del Rey, and there is no end

Fisherman's Village (above) contrasts with Mariners Village (right, above) but all sailors and Chuck Hathaway (right, center) needs is ocean, and all those young people (left and right, below) need is each other.





of predicted log races for powerboats.

Even as they go on boating there, a good many of the marina's patrons fear Marina del Rey is in danger of degenerating into a kind of Coney Island. Bumper stickers reading *SAVE MARINA DEL REY FOR BOATS* flowered a while ago, and the group responsible, a boat owners' association called Pioneer Skippers, has taken legal action to bring the marina under state regulation as a public utility.

The Pioneer Skippers argue that Los Angeles County has in effect abdicated, allowing the marina's private developers to choke the area with concrete and charge needlessly high slip rentals. Another issue is the eviction campaign that a few private anchorage operators, thinking of houseboat communities elsewhere that are little more than floating Appalachias, are waging against the 400 people who live aboard their boats. It is a legitimate worry, although it is hard to think of so magnificent a craft as *Transquility*, a 66-foot fiber-glass ketch that architect Jim Van Dyke built himself and now lives aboard with his wife Johanna, as a houseboat.

Whatever the gripe, it finds its way sooner or later to a small and cactusy man named Leo Blais, the county's top on-the-scene administrator. Regarding the boatowners' grievances, Blais says, "We try to let the lessees run their businesses as private landlords. But we also try to exercise strong persuasive powers." While scarcely a matter to concern the Pioneer Skippers either way, one occasion when those powers were exercised was the time the county, objecting to wallpaper depicting positions of sexual intimacy, sent workers into the men's room of a marina restaurant on the eve of its grand opening and scraped the paper off.

As Marina del Rey has grown and prospered, its example has helped inspire a \$24.5 million development plan for neighboring Venice, a community within the city of Los Angeles that was founded by a tobacco millionaire in 1905 as a replica of the original Venice, complete with gondoliers poling their way through narrow canals. With Marina del Rey's enthusiastic blessing, the city proposes to spruce up the small network of crumbling canals that remains and link it, in effect, to the marina. In a most curious alliance, the project is opposed both by Howard Hughes, whose Hughes Tool

Co. owns property in Venice, and by the community's many Chicanos, poor whites and hippies who fear the higher rents that would inevitably result. Considering the contrived funkiness of parts of Fisherman's Village so close by, it is ironic that the real thing, the *Eury Ruler* culture that thrives in the cottages and crash pads along the Venice canals, is almost certainly doomed by the project.

To regard this business with Venice as a full-blown cultural clash, however, is to assume that Marina del Rey is somehow totally homogeneous. In fact, there are incongruous elements within the marina itself, such as the band of youths in shaggy, almost practical beards who sailed the channel one cool and sunny Saturday, the signal flags above their sloop *adulter: P-A-A-C-E*. They seemed out of place, although perhaps no more so in this world of well-scrubbed cabin cruisers and haughty sailing vessels than the little man in the burnt-charcoal mustache who could be seen inching through the water in a rowboat.

Irving Benson by name, a furrier by trade, the man had driven from his home in the San Fernando Valley earlier that day, his rowboat atop the car. He had spent several hours on the water already, interrupting his rowing only to eat an apple or a pear. "I love to row," Benson said, easing on the oars slightly. "I've loved it ever since I was a little boy in Greece."

Another of the less forgettable people using the old marshland was the white-haired citizen who stepped nude onto the balcony of his marina apartment one bright morning and arranged himself in flamingo poses within view of passing boats and motorists. "The waterfront brings out the ding-a-lings," Leo Blais affirms. Of course, the sunshine, clean water and related favors bestowed by Marina del Rey bring out a good many non-ding-a-lings, too. This is at once a tribute to the place's efforts to achieve paradise and the reason it is never going to make it. It is an old dilemma, but there is reason to hope the city will not intrude too much. Living as they do amid a jumble of place-names, there are doubtless many perfectly happy Angelenos who still think Marina del Rey was the one who played opposite Gene Raymond in *Flag Down to Rio*. Perhaps it is as well to let them go on thinking so.

CONTINUED



It May Be Nautical but It's Not the Navy

When the U.S. Navy decided to redesign some of its uniforms for next year, it was just as well that nobody conferred with Rudi Gernreich, Oscar de la Renta and Bill Blass. Gernreich's sculptured trompe l'oeil tank suit and jump suit (cover and right) would never do quite the same thing for a chief bosun's mate that they do for Sheila Roscoe. And a bikini, even with gold braid, loses something in battleship gray. But what the designers have done for girls who live on the water and by the water—not to mention those who live in Oklahoma City—makes a close look at the following pages well worth a call to general quarters. The new nautical look includes everything from sweaters decorated with signal flags to foul-weather gear with a difference. Modern technology has provided fabrics that shed water or are quick-drying, and such innovators as Gernreich have come up with some futuristic clothes to match the spirit of the 55-foot Baglietta on which Sheila is pictured, a sleek craft capable of 25 knots—the Baglietta, that is. —Jule Campbell





At Manso del Rey, Cheryl Tiegs lobes stars in a tank suit that she wears with bell-bottoms from de la Renta's "Something" sportswear collection, aboard "Gen," Charles Hathaway's Columbia 50. Samantha Jones will stay fast in Mighty-Mac's foul-weather gear.





Open and closed cases: Sheila Labovell attracts the sun wearing de la Rosta's gold-broid-trimmed bikini, and Assena Malen looks on the deck in a Gamreich tank suit. Maggie Smith fright! soaks and suns on a Soling in a kaler-hed twin suit from Gattex of Israel.





Wearing classic corduroy, Maggie tears a belted blazer and jeans with crew-neck sweater and shirt—all from Bill Blass for Blass port. Pete Peterson (below) crews a Hobie 16 with Sandy Banks, wearing a swimsuit and extra matching shorts from Catalina.





Sheila buttons up snugly in a double-breasted striped pea jacket from Blasport while Maggie (below), in shorts, work shirt and bush jacket from Levi's for Gals, tries her jeans with rhinestone pins. For sailing, she shapes up in a bikini with a matching shirt by Catalina.





Dress whites are always in order for sundown parties aboard ship, and Cheryl is looking shipshape in a trim white and navy sharkskin middy dress from the Something! sportswear collection by Oscar de la Renta.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN S. ZIMMERMAN

As for Where It's at—

Gernreich trompe l'œil swimwear on the cover, designed for Harman Knitwear, \$60 at Apropos, Orange, Calif.; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia fall Gernreich for Harman outfits in stores after March 30. Inside: black and white matte jersey jump suit, Gernreich for Harman, \$95 at the Gazebo, L.A.; Ron Markin, Las Ve-

gas. Navy de la Renta tank suit and matching bell-bottoms knit shawl, \$34 and \$62, Marie Leavell, Dallas. Mighty-Mac polyurethane-coated nylon foul-weather gear: parka \$45, sou'wester \$6, bib pants \$25, all at Abraham & Straus, N.Y.; Carroll & Company, Beverly Hills. Following pages: Maroon de la Renta bikini \$20, all Bonwit Teller stores. Gernreich for Harman tank suit \$40, Lord & Taylor, N.Y. Orange Gortex of Israel bikini \$20, Bloomingdale's, N.Y. Blastport corduroy blazer \$106, striped shirt \$34, cord jeans \$30, white sweater \$32, all at Blooming-

dale's, N.Y.; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Marshall Field, Chicago. Navy tank suit and shorts from Jrs by Catalina \$21, Abraham & Straus, N.Y. Opposite: Blastport striped denim pea jacket \$80, Bloomingdale's, N.Y.; Amelia Gray, Beverly Hills; Marshall Field, Chicago. Levi's for Gals chambray work shirt \$7, bush jacket \$24, shorts \$6, The May Company, L.A. Rhinestone pins by Willie Woo, \$3, to \$9, at Bigi, Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y. Jrs by Catalina nylon jersey bikini \$17, shirt \$14, Gimbel's, N.Y. De la Renta sharkskin middy dress lobavel \$92, all Saks Fifth Avenue stores.



■ Jack at the wheel these days is former driving champ **Stirling Moss**, now 42, whose driver's license was revoked by British authorities for six months after three violations. It was restored three days after Christmas. During the penalty period Moss had taken to pedaling a bicycle and, while abroad, using his International Driving Permit. "It's good to be mobile again," said the beaming Moss, who celebrated by buying a \$5,148 BMW touring car, a three-in-one estate job with saloon comfort and near-sports performance. It sure beats pedaling.

Since 1968, when the A's moved from Kansas City to Oakland, President **Charlie Finley** has juggled his broadcasting lineup almost as often as his pitching battery. First there were **Monte Moore** and **Al Helfer**. Helfer lasted two seasons, giving way to **Harry Caray** in 1970. Caray departed in 1971, to be replaced by **Wesley (Red) Rush** and **Bob Ehm**. Now Moore is alone again, awaiting the next summer replacement in Finley's version of *Try and Stop Me*.

Actor **Peter Graves**, who seldom slips up while leading his undercover band on TV's *Mission*:

*Impossible, dadn't fare as well the other day in Texas. Serving as commentator of the Cotton Bowl parade in Dallas, Graves listened as a high school band marched by playing *The Eyes of Texas*, then promptly identified the tune as *I've Been Working on the Railroad*. Another gaffe like that, Pete, and you'll self-destruct in five seconds.*

There must be something about the Cotton Bowl that puts boll weevils in the mouth. **Governor Preston Smith**, who two years ago enlivened the introductions at a pregame event by pronouncing **Ara Parseghian's** name like the Italian cheese—"Parmesan"—and placing Notre Dame in Illinois instead of Indiana, has done it again. This year he introduced visiting Penn State as "Pennsylvania U." prompting Coach **Joe Paterno** to quip, "I once told my wife that if I ever needed a bean transplant, I'd like to get the brain of a politician, since it would be best to have an unused organ."

Former light-heavyweight boxer **Joe Brown** (1929-30) took a job as boxing coach at Princeton in 1937, and he has been at the university ever since, though not in the gym. Brown carved his way into a sculptor's alterer some years ago, is now engaged in creating four 15-foot athletes, statues that will stand without pedestals at four of the approaches to Philadelphia's new stadium. How did an expert fighter become a respected sculptor? Says Joe: "My father once told me, 'I'd rather have you be a sculptor than a bum.'"

If you're thinking of cooking up a little school demeritization, stay out of Brooklyn. The Board of Education there has hired **Fred Quinones**, the former All-Navy and Golden Gloves light- and welterweight boxing cham-

peon, as a special patrolman. If Fred can't handle it, they might bring in his wife Theresa, a champion javelin thrower, hurdler and bowler.

World Cup ski champion **Gustav Thoni**, 1968 Olympic gold medalist luger **Erika Lechner** and the other Italian competitors at Sapporo next month will hardly be waiting for touches of home. The Italian Olympic Committee plans to ship over 600 pounds of Mediterranean-grown rice, 600 pounds of pasta, 30 pounds of olive oil and 80 pounds of coffee. Now that's amore.

◆ **Mum Running Backs Larry Csonka** and **Jim Kick**, who have been getting a lot of mileage all season from their Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid routines, finally slowed down long enough to have some pictures taken. If the gunslingers from Dallas are impressed, it's probably worth all the trouble.

◆ **Austin Vincent** of Toledo, whose hobby is decorating glass, has outdone himself with a carving of Olympic scenes on a crystal bowl. He has shown it at International Olympic Commu-

tee President **Avery Brundage**, who promised to put the bowl on display at a museum being planned at the site of the first Olympiad in Greece. The central carving: "The Sacred Games of Zeus," around which Vincent has arranged a selection of Olympic athletes. He has included no Nordic or Alpine skiers, we trust.

Everybody knows about the Lakers and their now-broken string, but how about the boys at Friendsville Academy in Tennessee? In its five years under the guidance of basketball Coach **Joe Fink** and his predecessors, the team has dropped 102 consecutive contests. "We've used several things to keep the kids' morale up," says Fink. "We've got the best uniforms money can buy, our gym is everything you could expect . . . we warm up with a colored basketball." Sometimes he even invites the entire eight-man team to his house for a pregame dinner. One thing he doesn't do is let his cagers watch the girls' team play. The girls, it turns out, get beat as bad as the boys. "It tends to be demoralizing," explains Coach Fink.

◆ Along with a fair amount of talent, **Stan Musial** has enjoyed a remarkable string of good luck over the years. Now senior vice-president of the Cardinals, Musial was still playing in 1958 when a plane he was on lost one of its engines, then made a safe emergency landing. Last year he won a new car in a raffle at the Pittsburgh ball park. Most recently, he happened to be on a Los Angeles-bound jumbo jet that ran into turbulence, tumbled passengers around and caused some 25 injuries. Stan the Man? He was up in first class, where, he admitted, it was "scary," but not so scary you'd notice. He didn't even have his seat belt fastened.





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The season in mid-swing

The early-season tournaments and tune-ups are out of the way, and now the conference races begin Phase II. As for Phase I, it revealed in each region at least one unusually strong team and one that was surprisingly weak. In the West, for instance, UCLA seemed a misfit. Maybe it belongs in the NBA and should leave the college scene to Long Beach, Hawaii and UTEP. New Mexico State, by contrast, appeared more like a team on its way down to the little leagues, beset as it was by the kind of player/coach difficulties that also plagued Providence and Columbia in the East. There the best teams appeared to be Penn, Princeton and Villanova; the disappointments were St. John's and Harvard, which seemed to be outcoached at times. In the South the biggest let-down hit Jacksonville, although no one has yet figured out Maryland, which is proving to be a bad team away from home. The Carolinas, North and South, are formidable, and so are Southwestern Louisiana and Virginia, with their true tests yet to come. Marshall was fired, by good Marquette, and was not found wanting, even in defeat. Meanwhile, an old in-state rival, West Virginia, remained undefeated. Houston was the Midwest stumbler, Louisville and Ohio State predictably steady, Illinois and Missouri unexpected heroes and Northern Illinois the stuff of folktales.

Phase III? It is championship time and what the season is all about.

THE WEEK

SOUTH With Ronnie Lyons passing off expertly and scoring 24 points, many of them from far outside, Kentucky beat Mississippi 93-82 to keep intact its winning streak over Ole Miss, which is now 44 years long. Tennessee reinforced its typically tenacious defense with, for a change,

scoring. The Volunteers held Mississippi State to 13 first-half points, picked up 30 points from Mike Edwards and won 82-49. Florida, whose high-scoring Tony Miller is out with a broken finger, just managed to get by Alabama 79-77 but lost to Auburn 79-74.

Virginia stood atop the Atlantic Coast at 4-0, overtaking Wake Forest 74-64 and halting North Carolina State 84-73. Maryland also beat the Wolfpack 83-70. In the first confrontation between their celebrated sophomores, Maryland's Tom McMillen had 22 points and seven rebounds, State's Tom Burleson 18 points and eight rebounds, although he played only 21 minutes before fouling out. McMillen had 23 points against Clemson in the Terps' next game, but that was not enough. The Tigers won 63-61.

Furman, the Southern Conference leader, pressed The Citadel into 30% shooting and won 101-86. Nothing the Paladins did could fluster North Carolina, though, and they wound up 118-66 losers. Davidson also stepped outside the conference and lost 95-78 to West Virginia.

Southwestern Louisiana won three tough games against McNeese State (89-80), Eastern Kentucky (87-80) and Northeast Louisiana (75-73).

There were still a couple of tournaments left over from the holidays. Texas A&M took the Presidential Classic, beating Virginia Tech 66-62 in overtime. Florida State concluded a 21-day trip with its third tournament title at the Senior Bowl, zoning out previously undefeated St. Louis 63-62.

1. N. CAROLINA (5-1) 2. S. CAROLINA (7-3)

EAST LaSalle Coach Paul Westhead, a Shakespeare buff, lunched up a basketball luncheon on the eve of his game against St. Joseph's by reciting from *King Lear*. "No, you unnatural hags, I will have such revenges on you both—That all the world shall—I will do such things! What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be! The terrors of the earth." The convoluted quote was Westhead's way of saying his team would take care of Mike Bantom and Jim McCallum, two Hawks he handled while freshman coach at St. Joseph's. But hark, the "unnatural hags" scored 32 points, and the Hawks flew 72-55. Bantom had 33 points, McCallum 14 in the Hawks' next win, over Boston College 82-68.

A Baldwin-Wallace report showed that Vic Thomas of St. Bonaventure was shooting only 30%. So the Yellow Jackets used a 1-3-1 zone and let Thomas shoot. Delighted with the arrangement, Thomas sank his first 10 shots, and the Bonnies won 100-69. John Falconi also put in 10 in a row and Davidson won by 88-84 over St. John's, which also lost to Syracuse, 86-83.

Navy surprised Temple 65-61, while Rut-

ger, with 38 points from John Somogyi, beat Pitt 92-76. For the first time in 16 years, Marshall was back among the top 20, and just as last time the Thundering Herd lost to Morehead State. In winning 101-98, the Eagles went with sophomores and shot 48% in the first half. The Herd recovered to beat Western Michigan 102-77.

Four Ivy teams each picked up two league victories. Penn ran its three-year Ivy win streak to 30 games, stopping Dartmouth 92-62 and Harvard 81-52. After dousing Michigan 91-82, Princeton took care of Harvard 74-67 and Dartmouth 84-73. Yale outlasted Cornell 92-82, Columbia 71-61. Amie Berman twice scored 38 points as Brown beat Columbia 77-72 and Cornell 101-88.

1. PENN (10-1) 2. VILLANOVA (10-1)

MIDWEST Big Ten teams getting off some final sparring against outsiders before their own in-fighting. But Indiana, to its sorrow, was caught with a knockout punch by Northern Illinois 85-71. Going into the game, Northern was the second highest scoring team in the country—around 100 points—and Indiana was holding opponents to about 35 under that. The Huskies outrebounded the Hoosiers 57-40, contained them with a zone and got 24 points from Jim Bradley, who triggered the fast break with quick outlet passes.

Wisconsin lost, too, but nobody was surprised. Marquette was the victor, 72-60, as the Warriors solved a variation of a triangle defense, in which the Badgers played a zone out front and man-to-man inside, by overloading the zone. Jim Chones of Marquette had his finest game: 31 points, 13 rebounds, five blocked shots.

Allan Hornsby warmed up with 26 points as Ohio State took Creighton 94-76, then scored 28 in a 78-70 win over Purdue. Illinois, a slow starter all season, scored only 18 points in the first half but fought back to beat Northwestern 67-63. Conversely, Wisconsin squandered a 16-point lead over Iowa, then bounced back to win 81-80. Michigan struggled past Michigan State 83-75. Trailing 31-46 with 4:22 left, Minnesota began forcing Indiana turnovers and took the game 52-51 when Bob Nix sank two foul shots with 17 seconds to go.

Road victories are hard to come by in the Big Eight. Thus, Oklahoma Coach John MacLeod was understandably worried on the eve of his conference opener at Iowa State. "Then we hit on the sandwich idea," he said. This consisted of feeding his players pregame sandwiches instead of streaks. "They grumbled all the way to the game," MacLeod said. Then they hit State 77-72. Missouri opened its record to 11-1 by stopping outsider Ohio U. 78-76.

Defending Mid-American champion Mi-

continued

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ams of Olan was humped off twice. First came a 60-54 loss to Kent State in which Roger Evans of the Golden Flashes had 21 rebounds and 19 points. Then a 67-57 setback to Toledo as Tom Kozelko got 13 straight points and 29 overall. Toledo also stopped Western Michigan 88-84. Kent State, missing a flu-bitten Evans, lost to St. Bonaventure 76-63.

Drake began defense of its Missouri Valley title by nipping Wichita State 61-58 and dropping to Tulsa 94-76. Bradley downed Memphis State and North Texas.

Louisville, with Jim Price getting 30 points, beat Cincinnati 84-76. And a 42-point splurge by Richie Frazier led Oral Roberts past St. Francis (Pa.) 125-104.

1. MARQUETTE (10-9) 2. OHIO STATE (8-2)

WEST "Long Beach could beat UCLA," said San Diego State Coach Dick Davis after watching the 49ers two weeks ago. "The only reason he would ever say that is because he has to play us," retorted 49er Coach Jerry Tarkanian. Then his team won 89-75. Davis' postgame comment: "They are even better than I thought."

A computerized rating service ranked Hawaii as the nation's No. 1 college team. "If we're No. 1, I'm a Chinese aviator," responded Rambow Coach Red Rocha. It looks like he'll never get off the ground. Playing its first road game, Hawaii lost to Loyola of L.A. 88-78.

No. 1 was the subject of conversation back on the Coast, too, where UCLA opened the Pac 8 season by beating Oregon State 78-72 and Oregon 93-68. "Obviously the best," said Oregon Coach Dick Harter. He also praised UCLA Center Bill Walton, who had 30 points, 17 rebounds and shoofed the Ducks into the corners for their shots. "He is the finest player I have ever coached against," Harter said. Brun boss John Wooden, who previously lavished no adjective more colorful than "strong" on his team, seemed shaken, too. "We are outstanding—and we're going to get better," he said.

Two dazzling second-half efforts by Paul Westphal earned USC past Oregon 66-46 and Oregon State 87-75. Stanford also won twice, beating Washington State 76-54 and Washington 85-80 in overtime as 6'9" sophomore Mike Mann blocked 12 shots.

Two visitors were shell-shocked. Okla-

homa City lost to California 127-67 as Chief Coach Abe Lemons drew four technical fouls and was ejected. Dartmouth, a 102-85 loser to Stanford,

Powerful 6'7", 240-pound Mike Bowling of Arizona State knew his assignment, stop BYU's 6'11", 195-pound Kreimir Cosic. After 15 minutes and rugged infighting, the two giants squared off. Bowling won that battle with a solid clomp to Cosic's forehead, but the Cougars won the war 111-102 as Cosic put in 25 points.

Arizona arrived in Utah with a 1-10 record but left with a 78-76 Western Athletic Conference win. Then the Wildcats were drubbed by BYU 88-67. This was to be a rebuilding year for Colorado State. So the Rams built their record to 9-1, first by beating New Mexico 93-65 as Guards Paul Ball and Gary Rhoades combined for 42 points and 21 rebounds, then by stunning Texas-EU Paso 63-62. Rhoades, kept awake by a party the night before, set up Travis Lackey for the winning basket at the buzzer.

With four for four from the foul line in the last 20 seconds, Sonny Walls shot Houston past Colorado 70-66.

1. UCLA (10-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (12-1)



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Hold up your head, Tom Doty

Man may never conquer golf, but one remarkable day last fall an obscure assistant pro from Illinois gave the game an awful battle

Golfers are a cynical group, a condition attributable to their frustrations. Perhaps no other game finds appeal from the notion that perfection never is to be attained or, once briefly experienced, never to be repeated. The vagaries of the swing confound the most accomplished, while the less gifted remain convinced that bone and muscle conspire to make them appear foolish. Gusts of wind buffet well-struck shots. Balls take peculiar bounces. And what golfer never has railed at the putt that wobbled?

Yet on a magic autumn afternoon in 1971 none of these tragic things happened to Tom Doty, at least not for a long while, and when his round was over he had not only the best golf story of the year but perhaps the best of all time. For during a four-hole stretch that unseasonably mild afternoon last November, he was the most talented golfer in the world. What Doty did that day de-

fies credibility, and the feat well may have doomed his career. The mind craves out in protest, but he has witnesses and little apparent motive for deception.

On successive holes the 22-year-old assistant golf professional holed out a three-wood shot, a drive, a four-wood shot and a nine-iron shot. He went 2-1-1-2 with a double eagle, back-to-back holes in one and an eagle. And he may go through life burdened with his accomplishment, shadowed by whispers, for who among knowing golfers will believe him, and how can he hope ever to equal, much less surpass, the feat?

Manny Kantor, Peter Orofino, Harry Robbins and Frank LaPuzza always will believe him. They were playing that day with Doty at the Brookwood Country Club, located in the small Chicago suburb of Wood Dale, Ill., not far from O'Hare International Airport. These four businessmen, all in their middle 50s and 60s and longtime golf-

ers, serve as testimony to the best golf ever recorded.

Doty finished with a round of 59, 13 under par on the 36-36—72, 6,435-yard course. But his final score means little. Romero Blancas once shot a 55 while an amateur. The fact is, there is no known precedent for what Doty accomplished during that one remarkable four-hole stretch.

The round came on a Wednesday, shortly before Tom was to leave for a try at the winter tour in Florida, and it started innocuously enough with a bogey on the 3rd hole, where Doty joined the foursome of members. It hardly seemed possible that this would turn into the kind of game Doty fashioned in the pro-member tournament four months earlier. That time he set a course record with a 64.

Now at the 500-yard, par-5 4th hole Doty hit a solid drive down the left side of the fairway. "It was a fantastic drive," says LaPuzza, a 62-year-old bookstore owner. "My second shot was just a little bit ahead of his first." Doty pulled out a three-wood, aimed over a clump of 12 evergreen trees on the left and sailed a shot that seemed to explode off the club face. The ball hit just in front of the green, took a couple of hops and rolled into the cup for a double eagle.

The 5th hole at Brookwood is a weak par-4, 360 yards by the card, but it is a dogleg left, and plays less than that. A big hitter can carry a series of mounds and a bunker well out from the tee and put the ball on the green. With a strong wind in his back, Doty went for it.

"It's either on the green or close," Orofino said to Robbins as Doty's shot hooked toward the flag.

As they approached the hole and noticed that the ball was not visible, Kantor said, "I got a hunch. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if that ball went into the hole." And there it was, nestled at the bottom of the cup. Doty had played the previous hole with another hail, but after the double eagle he had put it back in his golf bag as a trophy. He did the same with this one.

As the group stood on the 6th tee, the golfers did not discuss the prospects of another hole in one. For one thing, the favoring wind of the 5th hole had shifted direction, and was now in their faces. And although the 6th is only 170 yards long, a par 3, the cup that day was near the back of the green. Doty



IN JANUARY SNOW, DOTY HAPPILY REENACTS ONE OF HIS MEMORABLE SHOTS

Level Footprints in Sand				HATCHES				Replace Divots Repair Ball Marks					
MEN				HOLE				WOMEN					
Hc.	Yes.	Par		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
1	465	5	5	7	1	3	5	8	4	385	5		
2	380	4	5	6	2	5	5	5	4	300	13		
3	230	3	4	4	3	4	4	7	4	220	19		
4	500	5	6	6	4	2	5	7	5	490			
5	360	4	5	5	5	1	7	5	4	350			
6	170	3	4	5	6	1	4	5	3	150			
7	360	4	5	5	7	2	5	6	4				
8	420	4	5	5	8	4	5	6	4				
9	415	4	5	5	9	4	5	6	4				
10	330	36	5	5	10	4	5	6	4				

HISTORIC SCORECARD SHOWS FOUR-HOLE SPREE TUCKED IN MIDDLE OF FRONT NINE

took a four-wood from his bag to combat the wind.

"It hit a foot and a half in front of the hole," remembers Doty. His view of the tee shot was hampered by a bright sun, but he suspected what had happened, and it scared him. He said, "You guys go up there I'm not going because I think I hit it in the hole."

The four older men jumped into their golf carts and tooted ahead, like armored-car drivers on a reconnaissance mission, and botterously verified that the ball had found the cup for Doty's third consecutive miracle shot. So this ball went into the golf bag, too.

The back-to-back aces were among the few ever reported, an extraordinary achievement for a man who as a high-schooler in Davenport, Iowa had not been good enough to make the golf team. As the five reached the 7th tee they seemed beside themselves, laughing and shouting. The 7th, like the 5th, is 360 yards long and, as Doty's playing companions well knew, he had on occasions before driven the hole. As he addressed his tee shot the older men crouched behind him, urging him to commit further madness. They wanted another hole in one.

"My mind was just gone, I didn't know what I was doing," Doty remembers. "It was like having a putt for \$50,000. I couldn't even take the club back.

I had to walk away and set up to it again and just try to hit it on instinct." He almost smothered the ball, driving it about 220 yards into the left rough, perilously close to some small trees that speckle the area.

For his second shot Doty used a nine-iron. "I had to hit the ball over a large tree and let the wind carry it onto the green," he recalls. The ball floated over the tree, nestled onto the green and trickled into the cup.

"My God, it's in," said Orofino. "Right about then I was ready to put my clubs away or sell them and take up some other sport," Doty says. Instead, he played the next hole, making, of all things, a par. He played erratically after that, missing six of the ensuing seven greens, but he chipped up close enough to save his par on the rugged holes and even pushed an eight-foot birdie putt in on the 11th.

Doty also birdied the 15th, 16th and 17th holes, sinking short putts for the first two birds, chipping in from 15 feet for the third. The fact that he chipped and putted so well throughout the round is no accident. He frequently spends his summer nights practicing putting on the 18th green at Brookwood, his labors lit by the lights of a nearby parking lot. And in his small apartment, which adjoins the club's golf shop, Doty often amuses himself by chipping

golf balls into makeshift practice nets, interrupting the routine for morning and evening calisthenics.

The assistant professional bogeyed the 18th hole, three-putting from 10 feet by missing a one-foot putt, then went to the first tee to play the two holes he had skipped on the front side. He eagled the first hole, sinking a sand shot from the left bunker on the short par-5 hole. At the par-4 2nd he hit a bad four-iron approach to the left of the green, half-buffed a chip shot into a bunker, blasted out and sank a 3½-foot putt for a bogey.

For 15 holes Doty was 16 under par; he bogeyed the remaining three holes. During the entire round, he used only 15 putts, and 10 of those came on the back nine.

Doty must contend with suspicion when he discusses the round. There is an inclination to interrogate rather than question him and his companions about the happenings that day. But there is nothing in his background to suggest chicanery. In fact, he has been known to call penalties on himself as well as his partners even in obscure pro-am tournaments.

"It's hard to believe," agrees Tom's boss, Emil Esposito, the Brookwood club professional. "I've been playing golf since I was 9 years old. But he's got four members with him."

Esposito is a past Illinois Open champion. He was one of the golfers who held the course record of 65 before Doty broke it. Gary Player was another. "They don't believe it," says Esposito of people's reaction to his assistant's round. "Ninety-nine percent don't believe it. But if you went to sleep and dreamed of shooting 59, you wouldn't shoot 59 that way: 2-1-1-2. You have to go by the man's honesty and you have to go by the members. You got four guys who play golf and Tom, and you got to go by their honesty. That's the way I look at it. And I'll always look at it that way."

Doty was using a new grip, one that basically left the right thumb and forefinger off the shaft of the club. But golfers searching for a plausible explanation to the Super Round never will accept a simple, secret grip as the answer. No, something out of the ordinary took place that day on the outskirts of Chicago. For a brief period of time a man conquered golf.

Splits, spares and spuds on a \$2 million tour

Boysish Don Johnson picks up where he left off in 1971 by sheathing his swollen thumb in a raw potato, then outrolling the field to draw first blood on the 1972 circuit at the BPAA Open in New York City

Nelson Burton Jr. was back with his famous spatulated thumb. Ernie Schlegel, handicapped to start with a nearly sightless left eye, was trying to repair his mutilated fingertips with some druggist's nostrum. Johnny Petraglia attacked his hister problem with ethyl chloride, and Don Johnson's wife carved a hole in a raw potato so he could stick in his aching thumb. No, weekend tube watchers, this was not an episode of *Murder, She Wrote*. It was the beginning of pro bowling's 1972 winter tour, its 11th straight year on live national television, and the top bowlers of America were literally working their fingers to the bone.

Money, of course, is the best balm for such occupational hazards as raw digits. And the U.S. Open, staged at New York's Madison Square Garden Lanes and sponsored by the Bowling Proprietors Association of America, had \$100,000 to offer in the way of pain-killer, \$25,000 more than last year. Close to 200 professionals started out Monday in quest of the \$10,000 first prize, and six days later, after topping the usual forest of pins—the top 24 competitors laid out more than a quarter of a million of them before the finals—it all came down to steady Don Johnson, whose consistent form made it look as though he could roll his potato down the lane and get his share of strikes.

Johnson, whose friendly smile and boyish good looks tempt inquiries like why didn't he try out for the role of Pat Boone, is a hard-concentrating, 31-year-old champion who burns to excel. He is the second-biggest money-winner in Professional Bowlers Association history—\$275,675 lifetime, about 100 grand behind Dick Weber—and at the rate he is scattering wood (three firsts and a second in his last four tournaments) you have to conclude that he will be No. 1 eventually and for a long, long time. In

all, he and the other PBA bowlers have more than \$2 million in prize money to shoot for on the 1972 tour.

Instead of the usual black hard-rubber ball, righthander Johnson uses a plastic one that appears to have a caramel topping on it. He insists that it is "softer" than even black plastic balls, and will skid 15 feet farther down the alley than a rubber one before starting to hook. (Pro bowlers are very particular about not starting their hooks too soon.) Naturally, he is well paid to endorse his brand of ball, as well as gloves and sportswear. He buys his own bowling shoes, but it's probably worth it. At least, he doesn't get blisters on his feet.

His main rival on the tour right now is young Brooklyn lefthander Johnny Petraglia. Johnson had the highest pin-fall average in 1971 (nearly 214 in well over 1,000 games) and the most tournament victories (six), but Petraglia made a phenomenal eight of a possible 13 TV finals on the winter tour and ended the year winning \$85,065, the best one-season haul ever. Johnson was right behind with \$81,349, and the vote for bowler of the year, to be announced later this month, was no doubt extremely close.

Thus, it was no surprise when Johnson and Petraglia finished first and second after the first 56 games of the BPAA Open and moved, once again, into the five-man finals Saturday afternoon, a regular TV format.

Spectator space is scanty at the 48-alley Garden Lanes, so for the finals the troupe moved four floors down to the comfortable, 5,000-seat Felt Forum. Unlike downstairs at the White House, there are no bowling alleys in the Forum. So the AMF people spent \$12,000 trucking in the makings for two lanes—automatic pinsetters included—from Shelby, Ohio and installing them in three days. That meant the finalists would have to adjust to brand-new lanes, then pos-

sibly adjust again quickly if, as it soon turned out, the hot TV lights changed conditions.

Joining the two kingpins on the show were experienced pros George Pappas of Charlotte, N.C., and Earl Anthony of Tacoma, Wash., and the one surprise, second-year man Bobby Williams, 23, of Detroit, the first black bowler to get on PBA TV since 1962. In his seven previous tournaments, Williams had not only never reached the top 24 but had never earned one cent of pin money.

Williams shrugged off a second-frame split that he couldn't convert and went on to beat Anthony 216-200. The hot lights and the pressure finally got to him in the second match and he lost to Pappas 292-163. The low scores reflected the bowlers' difficulty in finding a line on the new lanes. Then Pappas stepped up to upset Petraglia on the strength of a fluky strike in the 10th frame, coupled with a bad (and inconvertible) Petraglia split. As Petraglia walked away after the loss, it must have struck him that the place was quiet enough to hear a bowling ball drop, so that's precisely what he did with his reverberatingly and with clear disgust.

Johnson's first place entitled him to sit by with his newly polished Karamel-Kolored ball while the others fought to see who would challenge him in the title match. Meanwhile, the potato, or something, had done its work. Johnson's hand was ready for Pappas.

In the final match Johnson started out as though he would not only annihilate his last opponent but would win ABC's \$10,000 perfect-game bonus. He had six straight strikes before faltering. That seemed to spur Pappas, who closed out with seven straight strikes of his own—but not enough to overcome Johnson's lead. The final score was 233-224.

It was a clear victory for raw potato therapy. **END**



1956

1957

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1966

1967

1968

1969

1970

and again in 1971
the world's largest
selling Scotch.

There must be a reason

FLY ME- IF YOU DARE

Brimstone, an evil-looking hawk eagle with blazing eyes, turned out to be a feathered joke compared to a felsty six-ounce kestrel that drew lots of blood—all of it the author's

by CLIVE GAMMON

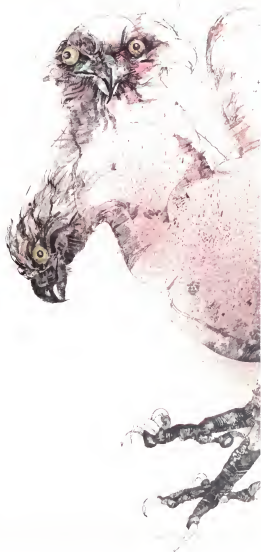
As his dark and hawklike eyes flickered round the table and caught mine, I was ready for him. Unlike some of the others, now shamefacedly looking down at their blank note pads, I had done my homework. And what, asked Mr. Phillip Glasier, had I read in preparation for the falconry course?

I looked up at him intelligently. "I made a start," I said, "with T. H. White's *The Goshawk* . . ."

"Very good," said Mr. Glasier in a deceptively calm tone. "Very good indeed," his voice rose sharply, "for wrapping bloody fish and chips up in." He modulated back again. "If it was only a bit bigger."

I lowered my head like the others. Mercifully the telephone rang. "What a rude telephone," said Mr. Glasier in his comic cockney voice and went off to answer it. We looked up, Terry, Roger and Brian and Betty, a couple in their 40s who had come in giggling at the start of the session, then sat

continued





Alan & Colin - 11

down, signaling each other with little teeny-weeny finger waves until silver-bearded, sharp-tongued Mr. Glasier arrived. There were no more sweet nothings after that. One by one, the master had put us into our proper places. Novices. Know-nothings. Idiots who had been drawn to learn the ancient art of falconry by absurd, romantic notions of themselves striding the heather, hawk on leather-gauntleted fist, silhouetted against dramatic landscapes of boulders and flying clouds, or green beech woods in a medieval summer.

And Mr. Glasier saw very clearly what his first function was. To burn what he called the Robin Hood out of us. He had picked out the worst case of Robin Hood straightaway, Roger, a pale youth with long black ringlets and a King Charles I beard and mustache set who wore a big gold crucifix and operated a web-offset machine on the *Bournemouth Evening Echo*. He had made the foolish mistake, even before the course properly had begun, of asking where he could get hold of a falcon for himself.

Mr. Glasier had smiled gently at this opportunity. "If," he said, implying that he was uncertain whether Roger was actually capable of forming sentences on paper, "you write to the Home Office, you might get a reply in six months permitting you to take a kestrel for training. Or it might take two years. A kestrel is the only bird of prey which the government will let you have. And when you have got it trained, what do you think you will be able to catch?" Then Mr. Glasier did his favorite thing, soon to become so familiar to us, of raising his voice to a high-pitched mock cockney. "You will catch BEETLES AND MICE!"

Roger's mournful spaniel's eyes did not actually fill with tears, but you could see that this was a sensitive boy. Nevertheless, he persisted. "I saw it on the telly," he said, "where they were catching grouse. Up on a grouse moor," he added informatively. "With peregrines." He looked at Mr. Glasier beseechingly.

"If you were ever lucky enough to own a peregrine," his instructor told him, "which is extremely unlikely, you would then have to hire a grouse moor for the season." He looked round at all of us, and we knew just what was in his mind. Persons like ourselves, who had opted for the cheap, five-day introductory course instead of for the full deal were

fortunate to be allowed to see a telly film of a grouse moor, never mind the real thing. He seemed to forget about us for a moment, something he was to do frequently as the course went on. "You get some nutters," he said, "going up to Scotland with falcons in early August, when the season opens. They get plenty of birds, of course, but they're bloody squeakers! Too young to provide any sport. The time to go up is October, when they've been shot at and worked over for a couple of months. That's when you get the sport with a peregrine. Then you'll see how clever a grouse can be, with the falcon stooping on him at 100 miles an hour. You won't get so many birds as early on, or as with the gun, but, by God, you'll see some fights."

We were seeing a new side of Philip Glasier, who was possibly not too far removed from being a Robin Hood himself. But he soon recollected his bread-and-butter audience. There are not many ways of making a full-time living in falconry, but this was clearly one of them: capitalizing on the craze for the sport that has grown up in Europe in the last few years by giving a taste of it to city Robin Hoods. However, we were the 17th class of the year, and you could tell that Mr. Glasier was beginning to feel it, sitting in a drafty room in an old Gloucestershire farmhouse, a room that smelled of wet dogs and damp leather. It looked out over dull pasture and bare elms that were beginning to be traced with edges of white from the first snow of the year. A falconer's life was easier when he had an honored place at the side of a medieval prince.

Returning from his phone call, he addressed himself with a sigh to the lecture. "You may have read," he said, "of the hierarchy of falconry. You know, a gyrfalcon for an emperor, a peregrine for a king, a sparrow hawk for a lady, all that caper. It's a load of old rubbish; take no notice of it, especially all that about gyrfalcons. Fine-looking birds I admit, all snowy white from Greenland. Their main purpose is to be given as presents to oil sheiks by the Foreign Office. The Foreign Office rings me up all the time asking for gyrfalcons." He gave a brief imitation of the foreign secretary talking with him for a gyrfalcon in a cockney voice. "They tell you a gyrfalcon can bring down a wild goose. It might manage a sickly gosling. They say it can stoop at 250 miles an hour.

More rubbish. Fastest I've ever timed one with a speedometer attached is 87. Silly things only fit for sea gulls. Give me a peregrine any day."

It was becoming clear that Glasier's single human weakness was for peregrine falcons, sleek blue birds that live on high sea cliffs but which have declined spectacularly in number since DDT came in, though he gave grudging admiration to merlins—tiny moorland falcons weighing six ounces or so which hunt larks—and sparrow hawks and goshawks. The latter two are not, of course, falcons at all. That name is reserved for dark-eyed, pointed-winged predators with notched beaks that work in open country. The rounded-winged hawks have long tails and yellow eyes and usually work in woodland cover. But you don't differentiate when you are talking about the sport.

He had given us a definition to write in our notebooks: the birds of the sport are those that catch their prey with their feet. This, Glasier offered, would seem to include the secretary bird, which digs up insects. And owl, too. But definitions can't have everything and, anyway, owls are slow learners, he said.

I had the feeling that I, too, was going to prove a slow learner. Glasier had a daunting pile of notes in front of him. As the morning wore on, he took us inexorably through every kind of predatory bird there is. Luggars from India (no good); prairie falcons from America (pretty, but temperamental); crowned eagles from Africa (useful for hunting monkeys and, Glasier slyly seemed to imply, children). It was scribble, scribble, scribble for all of us, but when the cause of the now very distinct wet-dog smell blundered in, a big, gravy-colored German bird dog, Glasier had to hustle it out, giving Betty the chance to wiggle her fingers winningly at Brian and tell him that she'd write it all down for him, pet. It was also the chance for the rest of us to exchange first, numbered impressions.

"Goes on a bit, don't he?" said Roger. Terry, a smooth number who was later variously to describe himself as a stockbroker, a P.R. man and a financial journalist, fingered his tightly knotted club tie. "I didn't know it was going to be like this," he said, speaking for all of us. "When does the action start?"



Outside, the fields through the somewhat grimy window looked more mournful than ever as the snow changed to sleet. Surrealistically, from the depths of the house, a soprano enthusiastically belted into "One Fine Day" from *Madame Butterfly*. Returning, Glasier said briefly, "My daughter." He looked around, as if challenging us to dispute this statement, then, without explanation, started to hand around lengths of nylon cord knotted at one end. "Leashes," he said.

I fingered mine nervously, since I had a shrewd idea of what unpleasantness was coming next. We were going to have to learn to tie some kind of knot. At one time, during my service with the 27th (Wesley Chapel) troop of the Boy Scouts, I had been involved in intensive knot tying every Wednesday night through a long winter. By Christmas I had mastered the reef knot and the fisherman's bend, but the sheepshank and the bowline remained beyond me, in spite of intensive coaching by my Uncle Eddie, the sailor. (It was this failure, together with simple jealousy of my elec-

trician's badge, that prevented me from ever making patrol leader. Or so I've always thought.) Anyway, I am not one of nature's knot tyers, but I suspected everyone else in the class was, even though Betty took a long time teaching Brian. We were learning the falconer's knot for tethering a falcon to its perch, and it finished with a kind of bowknot that you had to do with one hand. Glasier moved around us like a pacing tiger, deftly demonstrating, making unnerving snorting and clucking sounds until the pupil got it right. I didn't get it right. "If you had a swivel with a clip on it," I said to him reasonably, "you wouldn't need all this."

"Falconers tie knots," he told me coldly.

But the class could not be held up indefinitely. I was left in the corner to practice and simultaneously to listen to what Glasier was telling the others. He had now moved on to Training Your Falcon: Part One, Manning.

Manning is getting the falcon used to your hand. Actually, as I was to discover soon, the bird cannot get away from

you, first because you have its leash firmly held in your clenched fist and, second, because it has nowhere else to perch. The real aim is, I suppose, to make it like sitting there, which you achieve by being sure that this is the only time it gets any food. At least that seemed to be the gist of what Glasier was saying.

It was clearly the cue for romantic Roger to do his straight-man bit again. "I was reading," he said, "where you had to sit up all night by candlelight with your falcon, never allowing it to close its eyes until it took meat from your fist. You had to do this night after night until you had it trained."

Glasier looked at him with pity. "First thing that would happen," he said, "is that the bloody bird would blow the candles out flapping its wings. And why candles, hey? Why not switch the light on?"

"It said candles in the book," Roger said defensively.

"Well, you won't find any candles here," Glasier told him. "I'll be taking you out in a minute to introduce you to your birds. You are here for five days, by the end of which you should have trained your falcons to come to you from 50 yards. Without the aid of candles."

Glasier stood, and we gathered up our papers. This, at last, was what we had signed up for. He led us out through the creaky corridor of the farmhouse, through the yard and out to a low, iron-roofed open shed. There they were waiting for us, five kestrels spaced out and leashed to stumps. Glasier restrained us from moving too close to them. "One at a time," he said, and naturally it was Roger who sidled in first, clucking at his falcon as if it were a kitten, extending a left hand gloved with one of the leather gauntlets Glasier had issued to us.

The kestrel took one horrified look at the King Charles beard and went mad, flying out at the end of its leash, battering its wings on the earth floor. Roger still moved in, tenaciously clucking all the while, but on his hands and knees now. The falcon lay still, wings spread on the ground, not looking at him. He massaged his hand beneath it, and suddenly, in some miraculous way, the bird was up on his fist staring impassively ahead.

Roger backed away and stood upright. He looked as if the archangel Gabriel had just made him a fully paid-up member of the heavenly host. "Next!" said Glasier.

continued

One by one, the others got their falcons on their fists, slipped off the leashes from the stumps and wrapped them around their fingers up that the end knot held tight. For me was reserved the last and smallest bird. It wouldn't look at me as I sneaked up on it, but at least it didn't bate—that is, lash frenziedly with its wings. I put my hand on the stump, then eased it up a little higher. Falcons always perch on the highest point they can find, so the theory is that in this situation they will always hop up to your glove.

And so, praise be, mine did. I untied the leash with my free hand, and there I was, like the others, bird on fist.

This, it turned out, was to be the peak of my relationship with this anonymous six-ounce kestrel. Everything declined after that, but it was a good moment while it lasted, a Robin Hood moment that everybody was sharing, so that it was difficult for any of us not to strut as we moved between the privet hedges that Glasier called the Hawk Walk. Betty was emboldened to stroke hers gently, and I did the same to my bird. It turned and savagely bit me across the knuckles of my ungloved right hand, drawing blood. After that, things were never really the same between us. "It bit me," I said to Glasier. He didn't seem deeply affected by this. "It'll get tired of doing that," he said. Soon we had established a truce. I didn't stroke it. It didn't bite me.

But we could not ignore each other like that forever. Next, Mr. Glasier informed us, we would go one by one into the hawk room, weigh our charges and draw a piece of horsemeat to feed the bird, a candy-bar-sized chunk that you held in your left hand directly under its beak. You had to enter the room alone, bolt the door, go over to the scales, unleash the falcon and pray that it would hop up onto the weighing bar and stay there while you weighed it. I suggested to Mr. Glasier that this time, anyway, he come in with me. I had grave suspicions that as soon as the bird and I were locked up alone together, six ounces of fighting kestrel was going to hurl itself in a *Kamikaze* attack on my face. It had that nasty aggressive look in its eye again.

This appeal was spurned. Short of immediately dropping out of the class, I had no alternative but to go ahead in. Slowly, holding my wrist as steady as if I were balancing a bottle of nitroglycerine on it, I opened the door, backed in, shot the bolt and took a full half minute to cover the 10 feet to the weighing machine. Slower still, I lowered my fist in the approved style so that this neurotic beetle-eater would think it logical to hoist itself onto the bar. Then I released the leash. All this I did properly and correctly.

What I didn't think about, though, was steadying the pan on which you put the little brass weights. As soon as

the kestrel hit the bar, it dropped six inches with a violent clang. The bird took off in a tawny blur and settled high in the room on what looked like an old paint pot. "Good boy," I said to it wildly, "nice fella. Come down to me." I made clucking noises, just like Roger. It just sat up there motionless but with that deeply insulted look that women can switch on so easily. Perhaps it was female. "Come down, dear," I said in the purring tone of a wicked landlord in a melodrama.

That didn't work either, so I carved off a chunk of the dark red horsemeat that had been left out for us and offered it mutely. The foolish bird didn't even turn its head. Impasse, and I knew exactly what I couldn't do, and what I wanted to do very much indeed. Open the door and yell for help. The creature would be up and away before I could even open my mouth. Glasier claimed that kestrels cost about \$75 apiece. Well, something whispered to me, it could be cheap at the price. Instant expulsion from the course, naturally, dismissal with ignominy, but maybe I could take that. It wasn't as ignominious as losing a battle of wills with something that at a rough calculation I outweighed by about 500 to one.

I went over to the door. The glass was frosted, and there were interior bars. It was impossible to tell if there was anyone within earshot of a whispered appeal. I bent down to the keyhole, but there was a cover over it. I turned back to see if there was a chair or something I could stand on. If I could get in a quick grab, then it was never going to get off that leash again.



There was no chair. I looked up despairingly to the paint pot again. The kestrel had vanished. For a bleak moment I wondered if the thing could actually *burrow*. But no. A calmer look around and there it was, impassively sitting on the weighing bar again. Suddenly something clicked. Glasier wasn't going to bring in fresh kestrels for every course that went through his hands. This one was experienced. It knew all about weighing machines and was just indulging its evil sense of humor. Steadying the scale carefully this time, I put on the weights: 6½ ounces. I wrote the statistic up carefully on the blackboard, as Glasier had instructed us to do, then got the leash on again. All I had to do now was transfer him to my wrist. I gave him a quick, mean, flip-up from the weighing bar. He was going to have to learn that I was not above indulging in a sharp reprisal when necessary.

Soon back with the others, the next bit was getting him to take food from my glove, but this side of our relationship was doomed from the start. I went through the motions, emulating the silly, cooing noises the others were making, but not the little crow of triumph that came from Betty when her kestrel, a fat overblown thing about eight ounces, ducked its head sharply and hacked a stringy bit of protein off the disgusting lump of horseflesh she was offering it. The others all looked at her enviously. This crowd, I could see, was going to be as competitive as a bunch of mothers with new babies. As far as I was concerned, I couldn't have cared less, after the sort of betrayal I had been subjected to, whether my little beast ate or not. But in the interest of maintaining a public front, I shoved the meat in its face a few times, and once as I attempted to stroke its breast feathers, it drew more blood. We all stood around at this absurd birds' cocktail party for another half hour or so until Glasier said that it was time to reweigh them and return them to their perches for the night.

I managed well enough this time, and wrote the new weight up on the board: 7½ ounces. Not until I was going through the door did it strike me that there was something incongruous about this. How had it managed a weight increase of 1¼ ounces when it hadn't eaten anything at all? I went back and did the job again, checking the counters carefully. It was 7½ all right, so I thought I should re-

countboard



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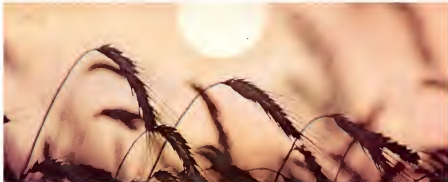
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port this interesting fact to Glasier. This time he made no objection to coming back into the hawk room with me. "Do it again," he said. I did! 7½ ounces. I gave him a quizzical, intelligent smile. Figure that's one out, it said.

He had it figured, all right. "You forgot," he said, "to take off the leash." Humbly I followed him out into the damp evening. "If I were you," he said, "I'd pack up now for today." It was a relief to say goodbye for a while to the small flesh-eater that was still on my wrist looking bored out of its mind. I took it back to the shed and let it hop on its perch. Then I remembered I still couldn't do the falconer's knot. I waited, crouching, for reinforcements. After a while, Roger arrived, murmuring dreamily to his little assassin.

"When you've done yours," I said to him, "do you think you could come over and tie up mine?" Roger said, "I don't think Mr. Glasier would like it."

It is not pleasant to find oneself pleading with someone who only needs a lace ruffe and a velvet suit to get straight into the Royal Shakespeare Company, but I had to. "Ah, come on," I said.

Roger's evident tenderheartedness strove with his sense of duty and won. "All right, then," he said. Looking furtive, he came over and got my little rascal fixed up. I walked away from the hawk shed jauntily enough. A pint at the Yew Tree Inn was the next step. I felt. But I was intercepted by Mr. Glasier waving a sheet of paper. "Your Hawk Progress Chart," he said, "must be filled up each evening before you leave."

I took the document into the damp tutorial room and scanned it. Under Manning Progress I wrote "nil." Same for Training Progress. General Remarks on Behavior held me up for a little. Then I wrote, "It bit me when I stroked it." A far summing-up, I thought.

When I finally made the Yew Tree, the others were there already—all except Roger, a little baffled at the day they had spent. "Action, that's what I came for," Terry was saying, stroking the regimental tie again. "Catching things." Brian and Betty also thought that would be nice. Only Roger defended the system. "I want to learn it all, every bit of it, from the beginning," he said.

The landlord leaned over the bar. "You'll learn every bit of it all right," he said in a seen-'em-come, seen-'em-

go tone. "Tomorrow there'll be a bit of talk in the morning, then how to make jesses and bells, then you train the birds. Don't worry, they'll be flying back to your fist by the end of the week. They've learned how to do that 16 times already this year. Next day, you'll have to learn how to make hoods, then some more training. And the day after that you'll have a lovely morning. Common diseases of hawks and falcons and their treatment. A lot more training on the last day, then that's it."

"Don't we ever go out into the fields?" Terry asked.

"Sometimes he does," the landlord said. "Sometimes he'll take you out with the big African hawk eagle, hunting rabbits and pheasant. It depends on his mood."

Brimstone, the hawk eagle, was already well known to me. He lived a little farther along the Hawk Walk than the kestrels, tethered to a bough by a thick leather leash. He looked even meaner than the Bonelli's eagle that occupied the neighboring bough, shifting his weight from one steel-taloned claw to the other, looking sulkily at passersby, daring them to come near. A day out with Brimstone would be something to remember.

As the week passed, pretty much everything the landlord had forecast turned out to be true. There was a memorable three-hour session on parasites and diseases. There were roundworms, gapeworms and tapeworms, lice and mites. Robin Hood-sounding maladies like frounce, more contemporary ones like aspergillosis. Hawks seemed to have a rough time. "There is only one veterinarian in this country," said Glasier in a satisfied tone, "who can treat hawks, and that is my daughter. I will give you her address." As far as I could see, only Roger wrote it down. The rest of us were now plainly preoccupied with the tantalizing prospect of a date with Brimstone. And during the lunch break Terry raised the question.

Glasier wasn't making any promises, naturally. We had a lot of work to get through, such as learning how to cut jesses out of leather, these being the things to which the leash was attached. Also little devices called bewits; to these you tied bells which were meant to let you know where your hawk had escaped to in the depth of the woods. Vital also were hoods—Dutch, Indian, Anglo-In-

dian and Syrian hoods. Every morning Glasier had us stitching leather like exploited workers at the turn of the century, fashioning the things.

And in the afternoons it was back to our kestrels. Mine, I had to grudgingly concede, was improving. On the third day, after a quick hors d'oeuvre from my knuckles, the bird condescended to tear a little at the horsemeat. Encouraged, I let it hop onto a post, extended the leash and held out the meat to see if it would dare to cross the couple of feet of ground and come to me. But oh, no, I was right down at the bottom of the league now. Even Terry was managing a 10-foot flight, and Betty was permitted to go out into the paddock and release her bird on a 25-yard length of braided nylon fishing line, the last stage before they would fly completely free. I was still furiously practicing the falconer's knot in my bedroom at the Yew Tree Inn each evening, though Roger now seemed to accept that at the end of a training session his job was to tether my mouse murderer as well as his own. My progress sheet was still undistinguished: the latest comment read, "Fed from hand in both senses."

By now the class was drawing to its close. "Let's try to end this in a civilized fashion," I muttered to my kestrel. "For you, soon, a new partner on Course No. 18. For me, an exit into the wet Gloucestershire night, another illusion shattered." Glasier had said no more about our expedition with Brimstone. Just as well, perhaps. The sight of the mighty hawk eagle in action might have waked again the absurd, romantic notions that had drawn me to the sport.

I said as much to Roger in the bar of the Yew Tree that evening. "Oh," he told me. "Mr. Glasier's going to fly Brimstone tomorrow. If it's not raining."

Why the savage Brimstone was incapable of hunting while it rained was beyond me. "Am I invited as well?" I said suspiciously. Maybe Glasier had favorites, but I'd paid my \$45 for tuition like the others, and if there was going to be a grand finale I would insist on being present.

"Yes," said Roger. "Everybody's coming. Only we've got to do exactly what Mr. Glasier says." Since we'd been doing that all week, it shouldn't be any hardship, I figured.

I wish, as a farewell gesture, that I

(continued)

could have personally tied my kestrel's leash up when I left him for the last time. But Roger had to, so there wasn't the chance to tell it that I'd finally discovered its birdy secret. What do you do when you've been trained 16 times before, if you are smart and intelligent? You don't go crazy for your food, winging around the sky. No, you just sit there in the comfortable knowledge that in the end someone who has paid \$45 for the privilege is going to hand it to you. I wrote "imperceptible" under Training Progress and rendezvoused with the others. For the first time all week it wasn't raining.

Our task force assembled on the road: we five novitiates; a box containing, it turned out, two white polecat ferrets; the German bird dog and Glasier with the satanic Brimstone on his wrist, bells jangling, great ferocious head and beak swiveling around psychopathically. In procession, we drove away from the farmhouse into misty Gloucestershire, twisting through lanes, then bumping along a farm track. The command car flagged us down to stop. Emerging with Brimstone, his dog at his side, Glasier was a lordly figure. Roger, entrusted with the ferret box, took second place with ill-concealed pride. "Keep well back," warned Glasier. "At least 20 yards behind me!" Respectfully, we stood aside as he clambered over a locked farm gate. Then we followed him purposefully across a downward slope of grass toward a thick hedgerow growing onto a bramble patch.

As we neared it, half a dozen white rabbit tails flickered and disappeared. Much good would it do them. The murderous little ferrets would be following them into the warren, and outside, when they fled, the doomday weapon, yellow eyes aflame, would be waiting for them.

Roger moved in ceremoniously with the ferrets, like a predator at a bullfight. After some reluctance, they disappeared. We drew back gravely to watch. Time passed, a surprisingly long time. Once a white ferret head popped up, only to disappear again. Brimstone shifted restlessly on Glasier's glove. And then the misty autumn afternoon exploded. Something small came twisting out of cover. Simultaneously, with a great clashing of bells, the terrible Brimstone launched itself from the glove in a blur of broad wings. We ran forward for the kill. Frankly, I turned away. Maybe I'm

not cut out to be a falconer, but there was something all too purposeful about that violent launch.

But, oddly, the bells continued to jangle and the sound appeared to be diminishing. I looked up. No scrap of bloody fur lay on the grass. The bramble patch was still. A hundred yards away, Brimstone circled aimlessly, then settled on a low bough in the hedge. Glasier swung the lure to bring him back to the fist. He watched it inscrutably for a bit, then came. "An interesting flight," said Glasier. It was the first time in a week I had seen him on the defensive, something well attested by the adjective he used. If somebody tells you he's had an interesting day's fishing, you know it was blank. Interesting is the word you use for a ball game when your side lost and you want to sound like a good sport.

We left the bramble patch, and with it Roger. He was on his knees whistling frantically into the rabbit warren, trying to persuade the ferrets to come out again. "Follow us when you can," said Glasier ruthlessly.

With Brimstone extended on Glasier's wrist like the warhead of our striking force, we walked a quarter mile to an oak coppice growing into a hedge of holly trees in berry with a dry ditch below them. "Pheasant," Glasier said authoritatively. "They'll be sticking tight in cover. So first we will release Brimstone to find an ambush point. Then we will put the dog in." He raised his arm, and the big tawny hawk eagle flapped off making noises like Santa Claus' sleigh until it found the long bare arm of an oak to settle on. The German bird dog, snuffling and wagging its headquarters violently, crashed into the dead leaves of the ditch. It peked about, came back to the field, dived in again. Then it reappeared, dancing excitedly on its hind legs, and came to a point, foreleg raised classically. Glasier made a noise like "Gerrrrr!" and a cock pheasant in all his autumn glory came clattering out of the ditch and started to tower directly below Brimstone's branch.

This time I watched. Brimstone did nothing. Nothing at all. He stayed on his branch gazing peevishly at the horizon, then made a lazy swoop to another bough. "The coming of the shotgun," I said to Terry, quoting from Glasier's notes, "made the falcon obsolete."

Roger came running up. He had got the reluctant ferrets back. "Have I missed anything?" he panted. No, I told him, he had missed nothing.

But he was in time to see Glasier enduring a frustrating quarter of an hour luring Brimstone back to the fist. He sighed as the big bird hoisted himself up again. "We'll try the rabbits again," he said.

This time the warren was out in open ground—hulloky, short-cropped grassland that by its unevenness might have been the remains of an Iron Age fort. It was riddled with rabbit holes like a Gruyère cheese, but there was no beam cover and the nearest hedge was 300 yards away. Ritually, the ferrets went in. Ritually, we prepared to wait. But this time there was immediate action, with the same prelude as before. As the rabbit bolted, Brimstone swooped in a jangle of bells. He missed, gained height and struck again. The rabbit wasn't there anymore, having darted to the left.

But it was still running for its life, three wing beats from destruction, and I saw Betty grab her Brian's arm. Then bird and rabbit were both out of sight, and we had to race to the top of a rise to get them in view again. The pursuit was still on, but incredibly we realized that, *going up!*, the rabbit was gaining ground, its gallant little white scut wiggling furiously while the great wing beats of Brimstone seemed to get heavier and heavier. Suddenly it was no longer the Moment of Truth. It was Tom and Jerry as the hedge got nearer, and with an impudent flash of white, Jerry disappeared.

"Oh, the clever little *downy*," Betty said. And she wasn't talking about Brimstone, who was now in his favorite position: up a tree, avoiding our eyes.

"A fine flight," I said to Glasier. Whatever else might be said against falconry, it was now clear to me that the wildlife of Gloucestershire was in very little danger from it.

He gave me a slightly weary look. "We weren't aiming to fill the larder, you know," he said reproachfully.

With Brimstone recovered, and the evening coming on, we fell in step for the walk back to the cars. Glasier was in front still, but now he had an eager companion.

Roger, I reckoned, was signing on for Course No. 18.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE PRICE OF PEACE

Sirs:

In my humble opinion, the Boston Bruins are doing O.K. (*Woebe Doer*, *Brother Bruin* Jan. 3). It seems to me that the Boston fans are far too critical of all their professional sports teams and expect, if not demand, perfection. As long as the Bruins are winning, what's the difference? More power to Bobby Orr for minding his own business, namely defense, and for his better all-around attitude this season. At least he's contributing to the team's success. Bobby is good enough for me any day, and so are Phil Esposito and all the other talented Bruins. Peace horrible? Never! Peace is wonderful!

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

As usual, the greatest hockey writer of this century, Mark Mulvey, has written a story that all hockey fans will be interested in reading. The former Stanley Cup champs have lost only two games in their last 25 outings, and if that is deep trouble, as Brian fans contend, Buffalo Coach Punch Imlach said it perfectly, "I'd love to have such trouble." As many a hockey fan has noticed, the fearsome Bruins have not but as much as they have in the past, and the other teams in the league are taking advantage of this. Boston is trying to skate rather than fight, but the Bruins have a reputation to maintain, and they are not the type of hockey club to finesse their way to the Stanley Cup. To beat the high-flying Rangers, the Bruins must show a little more muscle, as they did by winning 8-1 on Dec. 16. Still, I think I'll put my money on the "new" New York Rangers!

ALAN BOTTON

Carteret, N.J.

FIGHTING WORDS

Sirs:

"Maryland was going to be the best this and the biggest that, but what it came up as was a victim of foot-in-mouth disease" (*Sweating Through the Dread*, Jan. 3).

After routing Western Kentucky 103-67 and crushing nuth-enked St. John's 90-69 on successive nights, Maryland's foot would seem to be planted firmly on the ground. Your diagnosis of foot-in-mouth disease might more aptly apply to yourselves.

TOM REILLY

Rockville, Md.

Sirs:

I would like to make a few comments on Curry Kirkpatrick's unreport on Maryland basketball. First, it seems to me that it was

SI and not Driesell that put Tom McMillen on the cover, that ran an article on last year's freshman team proclaiming it perhaps the best in the country and that this year ranked Maryland in the Top Ten.

Second, to say the Terps cannot score unless they get the ball to big Mac is just bad reporting. Tom was the leading scorer in only three of the team's first nine games, and he averaged only 19 of the team's 90 points per game. This is not to knock Tom but merely to indicate that a team that shoots better than 55% from the floor has more than one shooter.

Instead of reporting on the early-season struggle of a team trying to come together, Curry gave us a string of ad hominem arguments and a treatise on Southern dialect implying that the Terps just are not as good as their press. One can only conclude that Curry is the type of guy who would spill out fine wine after tasting it before it had a chance to age properly.

ROBERT H. ROSENBAUM

Riverdale, Md.

Sirs:

As a teacher of journalism, a lover of the sport of basketball and a great fan of Frank McGuire and his University of South Carolina Gamecocks (who are now up where Mr. Driesell said Maryland was going to be), I say thanks and thank you again to Curry Kirkpatrick for telling it like it really is on the court at UM. Bravo!

GEORGE P. MARSTON

East Paterson, N.J.

Sirs:

To be the best, to be No. 1, is to strive for perfection. It takes hard work, and Maryland's Lefty Driesell has worked hard in striving to reach the pinnacle of college basketball. As a member of Maryland's mediocre basketball teams of the past three years, I would boast, too. This year's team shows the dedication and hard work that Driesell has put into coaching and recruiting. Hail to the chief!

DICK STORAGREN

Newark, Del.

THE PLAYOFFS

Sirs:

Tex Maule has always been more than fair in writing about the Dallas Cowboys, who have had their ups and downs. I want to particularly compliment him for his article *The Cowboys Fly—The Redskins Die* in the Jan. 3 issue. It was well written, and it was most deserved. Thanks, SI, for a great year of football coverage.

JOE SPENCE

Dallas

Sirs:

Congratulations on your Jan. 3 issue. It was one of your best ever. John Underwood and Tex Maule wrote fine articles covering the NFL playoffs, and your photographs of the games were great.

JOHN GRIFFIN

Arlington, Mass.

Sirs:

John Underwood's interpretation of the Miami-Kansas City game was excellent. He not only gave due credit to Garo Yepremian, who should be in the Pro Bowl as he proved by outscoring Jan Stenerud during the regular season and outdueling him decisively in a head-to-head showdown, but expertly described Curt Gowdy, who is one half of the worst announcing team communications will ever know.

Thanks, John Underwood, for a very fine overall article, but a special thanks for setting readers straight on who belongs in the Pro Bowl.

DAN BURALO

Duluth, Minn.

NAGIN' CAJUNS

Sirs:

Thanks to SI and William Reed for the article *Good Times Come to Cajun Country* (Dec. 20). If it were not for this fantastic account of the University of Southwestern Louisiana and Dwight (Bo Pee) Lamar, the nation's basketball fans might have gone through the entire season not knowing about this very fine team.

We are proud of Coach Beryl Shipley and his Ragin' Cajuns.

CRAIG PURPURA

Simmesport, La.

Sirs:

We at Louisiana Tech were overjoyed to read your Dec. 20 story on our old basketball rival, the University of Southwestern Louisiana. You were correct in adding the statement that the Cajuns could enter the NCAA Midwest Regional if they don't "allow themselves to be shot down by somebody like Louisiana Tech."

While the Cajuns have moved into the major Top 20 with their glamorous big-time schedule, Tech has been devastating asserted opponents in the college division. Tech is rooting for USL to come into its two games with us with the highest possible rating because we do indeed plan to shoot them down—twice, instead of our usual home-and-away split.

Tech has a pair of lightning-quick guards with daisy doodles that Dwight Lamar is still trying to imitate, and 6'10" Mike Green makes Roy Ebron look like an ordinary

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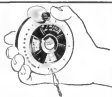
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10TH HOLE continued

read Pat Jordan's article (*Heaven You'd Love to Hate*, Dec. 13) with great interest—until I got to the last section, where Mr. Jordan began to generalize about the entire EHL.

If Mr. Jordan had visited some of the finer arenas in the southern half of the league, he would have seen different facilities, a different brand of hockey and different fans from those described in his article. Our arena in Charlotte is modern, seats 9,575 fans and is usually sold out. The fans appreciate aggressive play but are just as happy with good, clean hockey. We don't have a hater man, but we did defeat New Haven for the league title last year four games to one. Generalization is dangerous, even in sports-writing.

Charlotte, N.C.

BERT SPINKS

Sirs:

Pat Jordan's article was as tremendous as some of the players he wrote about. I've been to many an EHL hockey game. I've gone mainly to see Kevin Morrison's right hook. A tough league is the EHL. A tough player is Kevin Morrison. Keep up the good work!

HAROLD RUBIN

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

I find myself at a temporary loss for words to express my displeasure at the sketch of Reggie Fleming. Anyone who knows Reggie personally knows that statements like "He is the kind of man people like having known but not knowing" are the farthest you can get from the truth.

For the record, I am not an state relative who feels Fleming has been unjustifiably criticized. However, I have come to know Reggie for what he really is, a warm, compassionate human being who actually delights in making those around him happy. Corny as it may sound, it is true. He is perhaps the most unselfish man in professional sport today. The next time I reach for an article on this misunderstood man, I hope to find a sketch of the man and not of someone's distorted impressions of him.

KATHLEEN HARRAH

San Diego

Sirs:

Congratulations for scoring a hat trick with your story of the tough men of hockey. What Pat Jordan really showed is that these men are not mean but simply tough men playing the game the way they know best and to the best of their ability.

EN COLLINS

Quincy, Mass.

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